

WALDORF;

OR, THE

DANGERS OF PHILOSOPHY.





# WALDORF;

OR, THE

## Dangers of Philosophy.

A  
PHILOSOPHICAL TALE.

BY  
*SOPHIA KING,*

AUTHOR OF  
"THE TRIFLES FROM HELICON."

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### VOLUME II.

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- " Bring me unto my trial when you will!  
" Died he not in his bed?  
" Where should he die?  
" Can I make men live whether they will or no?  
" Oh! torture me no more, I will confess!  
" Alive again! then shew me where he is!  
" Comb down his hair! Look! look! it stands upright!  
" Like lime-twigs, set to catch my winged foul.  
" Give me some drink!

SHAKESPEAR.

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# WALDORF;

OR, THE

## DANGERS OF PHILOSOPHY.

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### CHAPTER I.

“ The tall thistle, and the flowers of the  
“ field, sprung, unmolested, round her pen-  
“ sive grave.”

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HE reached the lonely spot, and its  
chilling damp fell heavy on his heart.  
The rays of the moon played on their  
tomb-stones; and, as Waldorf knelt  
VOL. II.                      B                      beside

beside them, he bedewed the silent marble with his tears. A plain inscription, on the tomb of Millroh, signified her name and age—that of Sophia boasted all the superb grandeur of a Catholic interment: the age of the latter was nineteen, and a prolix epitaph set forth her beauty and qualifications. The modest, unassuming Millroh had had adieu to life ere she had attained her five-and-twentieth year: no pompous eulogium satirised *her* ashes; but the calm sobriety of death reigned with decent humility over her silent grave.

The tall thistle, and the flowers of the field, sprung, unmolested, round her pensive grave; but the gorgeous tomb  
of

of Sophia was continually cleared from weeds ; and the persecuted violet, whose free-born temper led it to familiarize with its nearest neighbour, unconscious of distinction, was obliged to seek a pillow for its head on the neglected stone of Millroh.

Here, in lonely silence, Waldorf flung himself on the earth. " Already," he exclaimed, " has her innocent form " begun to moulder in the dust!" Rising sobb interrupted utterance : after a pause, he added, " Could they but " see their murderer writhe with anguish and repentance, perhaps they " would forgive him." At that moment a willow, which bent over him, fanned his face with its drooping

B 2                      branches :

branches : as the wind whistled through its leaves, he started and sprung from the ground.

“ 'Tis but the wind,” he said in a low voice, and gazed pensively on the tree. The moon shone bright, and he discerned an inscription cut in the bark, which we transcribe, for the information of the reader, to the following effect :

“ Should chance, or design, ever direct a murderer to the spot where his innocent victims for ever sleep, may he learn to repent and reform ! if it is possible that the voice of virtue can *ever* impress so vile an assassin. Already contempt and hate pursue him through the world ! Oh, may his path of villainy lead to the grave, and death close  
“ his



“ his prospects for ever !—Yet, let me pause  
 “ awhile—God is merciful! repent, and be  
 “ forgiven.—Still Zenna warns thee. Oh,  
 “ disregard him no *more* !”

It is impossible to describe the sensations that overcame Waldorf on the perusal of this. He reclined against the tree, and wept in bitter anguish and despair.

Again he cast himself on the tomb of Millroh, while his bursting heart swelled in his miserable bosom. He twined his hands round the gawdy weeds growing on its surface, and tore them up by the roots. “ Unfortunate Millroh,” said he, “ thy murderer shall protect from  
 “ weeds the turf that rests on thy  
 B 3 “ bosom.”

“ bosom.”—As he spoke, a large earth-worm wound round his fingers. He raised a stone to crush the noxious *reptile*, but it writhed round his arm. A dreadful idea occurred—that reptile might have sprung from the ashes of Millroh. His heart sickened at the reflection—he tore it from his arm—then, violently shuddering, he sprung from the grave, and rushed away. He entered a lonely forest—horrid reflections tortured his mind—misery overpowered him—and he sunk senseless on the ground.



## CHAPTER II.

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“ The events of past years now seem as the  
 “ visions of yesterday.—Ah! would the dear  
 “ seclusion had *never* ceased !

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RETURNING reason brought increase of anguish ; he staggered towards the Hotel where he had first gone on his arrival, and there strove to resume some composure. The next morning

he placed his portmanteau in a post-chaise, where he threw himself, proposing to travel till he had chased away his unpleasant reflections.

Unfortunately these attempts proved unsuccessful : a dejection, he could not dispel, undermined his spirits ; no sophistry could lull the voice of conscience—it would no longer be stifled—nought could heal the deep wounds of his mind—and without power to resist its vehemence, he sunk into despondency.

It was then the parting words of Herman recurred to him ; it was then he perceived the truth of those arguments he had once censured as misanthropical and unjust. How did he  
regret

regret the quiet solitude, where, obscure and innocent, he at least retained that peace of mind, which now had quitted him for ever ! Full of such reflections, he determined to visit the good Recluse, and pour his sorrows in his friendly bosom.

As he entered the lonely forest, imagination flew back to past events. “ It was *here*,” he exclaimed, “ I stopped to view the surrounding landscape ; it was *there* I viewed the mount of Calenberg, and all the rising spires and turrets of Vienna. *There* the chasseur accosted me ; and from *that* tree the good Solitary emerged, to check, with the force of his eloquence, my loud lamentations. The events of

“ past years now seem as the visions of  
 “ yesterday.—Ah ! would the dear se-  
 “ clusion had never ceased !—that, like  
 “ the wandering bird, I had never left  
 “ the warm nest in search of guilt and  
 “ woe !—I should not then return to  
 “ the loved scenes of youth, heart-  
 “ wounded and miserable.”

Soon he reached the peaceful spot—  
 tears of sensibility rose in his eyes—the  
 wild trees, planted by his own hands,  
 had arrived at maturity ; and the col-  
 lection of plants he had cultivated, and  
 called his shrubbery, had reached per-  
 fection. He stopped to contemplate  
 the innocent scene, then hastened to  
 the house. Alone, in a neat little room,  
 the aged Anthony was reading ; and  
 his



his ancient spaniel lay at his feet. The swift evolutions of time had not deprived him of the majesty that ever characterised him; an air of pious serenity dwelt on his features, and his silver locks increased the venerable respectability of his appearance: he raised his eyes, and in a moment Waldorf was in his arms. That youthful bloom, which eighteen years had mellowed into man, no longer blushed on his cheek. Perpetual anxieties had dispersed the smiles of contentment, and substituted an habitual air of gloom and anguish—frowns lowered on his brow, and heavy thought had furrowed his intelligent countenance.

A pause more eloquent than words succeeded ; the eyes of Waldorf seemed bursting with the majestic energy of intellect—yet he continued silent ; the aged spaniel licked his passive hands, and tears insensibly streamed down his pallid cheeks.

“ My son,” interrupted Herman,  
 “ the world has used you ill : experience  
 “ rience can alone teach humility ; and  
 “ *here* you may, in future, find that  
 “ tranquillity you could only estimate,  
 “ by being deprived of. When rank  
 “ and fortune ushered *me* into the  
 “ world, I expected happiness to flow  
 “ from all quarters—my soul over-  
 “ flowed with benevolence—I sought  
 “ for

“ for love and friendship in return—I  
 “ thought I had gained them. Ex-  
 “ perience shewed me my error, and  
 “ ingratitude and fraud pushed me to  
 “ the brink of ruin—heart-broke and  
 “ disconsolate, my heart turned to  
 “ gall—I cursed the world, and sought  
 “ for refuge in solitude.”

Here Waldorf strove to appear com-  
 posed.—“ Father,” he exclaimed, “ you  
 “ was injured, but did not injure: con-  
 “ scious innocence calmed *your* grief  
 “ in the intensest misery; but *he* who  
 “ injured, had no conscious rectitude  
 “ to calm his grief. Which then is the  
 “ most miserable—the victim, or the  
 “ aggressor? Prithee, answer,” he added,  
 with a look of anguish.

“ Virtue,”

“ Virtue,” answered the Solitary, “ is  
 “ a continual subject of happiness :  
 “ but that delightful solace deserts the  
 “ unjust ; remorse tears his heart, and  
 “ no splendor can bribe it to silence—  
 “ but the *innocent* victim has a pleasing  
 “ reflection that bears him up. Cer-  
 “ tainly the state of persecuted inno-  
 “ cence is *superior* to that of trium-  
 “ phant guilt. Let Heaven continue  
 “ me *injured*, but preserve me from  
 “ being the *injurer*.”

“ Then *I* can *never* be happy,”  
 exclaimed Waldorf vehemently, and  
 rushed from the room.

## CHAPTER



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CHAPTER III.

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“ It glares on my mental eye—it fits on my  
 “ heart-strings—it stalks through my brain :  
 “ on the green, in the valley, in the world,  
 “ in the wilderness, it rises to appall : *I see it,*  
 “ *I feel it ; I—I—hear it.*”

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HERMAN sought him in the charming spot his own hands had so often cultivated ; he descried him among the trees, and he hastened to join him.

“ My

“ My son !” he exclaimed, “ why  
 “ do you despair ? Where injuries are  
 “ unwillingly committed, though they  
 “ are sufficient occasions for our regret,  
 “ they afford no ground for condemna-  
 “ tion. Any symptoms of remorse,  
 “ under such circumstances, are evi-  
 “ dences of a weak scrupulosity, rather  
 “ than unshaken integrity. Suppress  
 “ then such emotions, nor give way to  
 “ fears and doubts, at once so melan-  
 “ choly and erroneous.”

An expression of horror rose on the  
 countenance of Waldorf, as the Recluse  
 spoke.—“ Father, you know not my  
 “ case !” he replied. “ Guilt haunts  
 “ me like a spectre ; when I seek re-  
 “ pose, it pushes my aching head from  
 “ the

“ the couch—it glares on my mental  
 “ eye—it sits on my heart-strings—it  
 “ stalks through my brain: on the  
 “ green, in the valley, in the world,  
 “ in the wilderness, it rises to appall :  
 “ I *see* it, I *feel* it; I—I—~~hear~~ it.”

Here his eyes assumed an air of wild-  
 ness; he inclined his head, as he con-  
 cluded the sentence, with an air of an-  
 guish, as if listening to the sudden sug-  
 gestion of some invisible being—“ With  
 “ my will I have murdered a man,”  
 he cried.

The Recluse snatched his hand—it  
 trembled in the grasp: he wished to  
 hide his face, while his dark eyes rolled  
 convulsively, and his struggling muscles  
 strove

strove to relax in tears : a crimson flush  
 rose on his cheeks, then disappeared  
 like a flash of lightning ; and the hue  
 of death imperceptibly chilled his fea-  
 tures. " Oh ! Herman," he faltered  
 out, " I never, *again*, shall find peace :  
 " would I had never left this retreat of  
 " peace and innocence !"

" Leave it no more then," inter-  
 rupted Herman ; " but here in soli-  
 " tude——"

" Solitude !" exclaimed he, " would  
 " but nurse my griefs, and give me  
 " leisure to be wretched. Seclusion  
 " is for the good, but not for me."

" Here,"



“ Here,” continued the Recluse, “ you  
 “ may repent in silence, and drink  
 “ a long oblivion to sorrows, till peace  
 “ again shall smile on retirement.”

“ But not on me,” repeated Waldorf  
 mournfully.

“ A virtuous futurity,” rejoined the  
 good Recluse, “ may expiate your for-  
 “ mer errors; after a time, you will  
 “ think on the past with tranquillity.  
 “ How great are the pleasures of me-  
 “ mory—”

“ And the *pains*!” said Waldorf ve-  
 hemently.

A pause

A pause succeeded, and they advanced towards a small shrubbery. Herman stopped, and pointed to a vine, whose clustering branches were entwined in those of a yew; the purple vintage, and the once verdant leaves, hung shrunk and withered; by its side was a waving willow, which seemed to mark its decay with pity.

“ Behold that vine,” said Herman,  
 “ once flourishing, till it deserted the  
 “ humble willow, to cling round the  
 “ insidious yew, whose baneful influence  
 “ has at length destroyed the credulous  
 “ plant: mark the inference, and find  
 “ a moral in allegory. Did you not  
 “ desert *me* for the world? and has  
 “ not

“ not your credulity met with a sad  
“ reward?”

Waldorf sighed heavily, and gazed  
on the withered shrub. “ Surely,”  
ejaculated Herman, “ I am the cre-  
“ dulous vine, you the humble humble  
“ willow, and Lok the poisonous yew.”

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER IV.

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“ Fancy spangled every scene, and his soul was  
“ dissolved in a sea of dreams.”

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IN a few days Waldorf once more  
quitted a solitude which offered no  
charms to a disposition such as his;  
with tears he quitted the Recluse.  
“ My son,” said the good old man, with  
tears in his eyes, “ I part from you  
“ with



“ with pain, when I think of the pre-  
 “ cipice you continue to advance upon.  
 “ Here, in obscure retreat, you might  
 “ calmly breathe the remnant of your  
 “ days.”

“ Alas! my father,” replied the languishing youth, “ repose is for the  
 “ peaceful: but could you expect a  
 “ man in agony to enjoy sleep! No,  
 “ let me crouch under the storm, nor  
 “ strive against the horror of my fate.”

A few hours brought him to a small town, where he hired a chaise to proceed on his travels. The moon had risen, and the night was serene and clear. He cast himself in the chaise, and bade the postillion drive gently. A soft melancholy

lancholy rose on his mind, the madness of grief was calmed, and his thoughts paused on every scene with languid tranquillity. He passed the long gravelled roads, chequered by the idle moon-beams, with a sensation of delight. The humming beetle stumbled against his face—the flapping bat entered his carriage windows—the glow-worms twinkled in the air—nature seemed settled in a calm. “What a  
 “night for meditation!” ejaculated Waldorf. Reflection no longer raised terrors in his mind—his exalted judgment shewed him that the imaginations of man were futile and ridiculous—and that to deprecate their censure was unworthy of thinking beings. A new train of thoughts ran through his mind,

as

as stars across the horizon; and, reclining his head in an easy position for a moment, he smiled away his sorrows. Free from the bondage of a vicious education, and far from the reproaches of the ignorant, a serenity of mind spangled every scene, and his soul was wafted into the world of vision. "Men of dust," he exclaimed, "creatures of folly, turn your eyes inwards, and view the cabal of error of which you are constantly the sport; and learn to fortify the mind with its own energies."

These modifications gradually introduced the grey dawn—the sun broke through the dewy mist, and laughed on the hills. Waldorf sunk into repose, till

the chaise stopped, and obliged him to enter an inn. Here he remained till preparations were made for his return to Spain, to Lok, and his little retreat shaded with cork-trees.

Soon he arrived in Spain ; and, after a short journey, he again entered his house. There still was Lok, and a little stranger smiling on his knee, to whom Waldorf felt insensibly attached. Lok thrust a letter into his hand, and bade him read.

#### THE LETTER.

“ Principle impels me to smooth,  
 “ in some degree, your sorrow. The  
 “ fruits of our love accompanies this  
 “ with



“ with anguish—I part with it, but  
 “ take it, and may you still be happy !”

“ HELENA STERNHEIM.”

Waldorf gazed around him, then  
 seized the little stranger, the child of  
 Helena, and pressed it to his breast.  
 “ My child !” he exclaimed, and burst  
 into an agony of tears.

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## CHAPTER V.

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“How cruel to deprive a parent of his child!”

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IT appeared the child had been left by a man, two days after Waldorf had gone—he immediately-departed, before he could be questioned, leaving the note affixed to the infant. When the transports of its happy parent had somewhat

what abated, he entered into a relation of what had occurred during his travels. The remembrance of Millroh still softened his eyes with a tender languor, while the stern glance of Lok for a moment relaxed, when he considered the unfortunate girl was now added to his list of victims. Helena, Sophia, Millroh, and Zin, floated in his imagination: "The dangers of philosophy are "the agents of death!" he exclaimed.

"Talk not of dangers *now*," replied Waldorf, and smiled on his child.

Again sportive imagination traced scenes of felicity—he who was no longer to *fight* with the storm, but to bare his bosom to the barbed arrows of misery,

again fell in love with life, again abjured stoicism, and again thought of happiness and his child. "How cruel to deprive  
"a parent of his child!" suddenly exclaimed Lok.

"Unkind Lok!" replied Waldorf, "to raise such thoughts." A deathly paleness creeping over his features, he thought of the Duke—and felt a wretch indeed.

In the interim, that miserable parent had discovered the extent of his misery, and was pining in sickness and anguish: his family hung weeping over him, while his son breathed forth fresh vengeance and execrations.

"My



" My son," said the Duke, with a  
 heavy sigh, " seek no further revenge ;  
 " destruction rebounds on yourselves,  
 " and farther wretchedness must then  
 " be my portion. Let me not *drain*  
 " the cup of bitterness to the *dregs* ;  
 " but, in the remnant of my shat-  
 " tered family, still let me find tran-  
 " quillity !"

The youth retired respectfully to his  
 room ; he cast himself on his knees, and  
 kissing a crucifix, vowed to revenge  
 his brother with the blood of his mur-  
 derer. A letter expressed his inten-  
 tions ; and then, with a few attendants,  
 he departed for Germany, and reached  
 France, the spot where he learned Zin  
 had died, and where Waldorf, whose

name still was remembered, had been confined in a prison.

The young man's arrival was soon known—the whole affair revived—the narrative was listened to with horror, and the very intimates of Waldorf thought with pain of his undeserved escape. Steps were taken to trace his asylum; but so *many* months had elapsed *since his* departure, and *before* the Duke's family had discovered the event, that for a long time search proved in vain.

But Waldorf was destined for misfortune—peace was ever frightened from his pillow, and *chance* guided his enemy to Waldorf and revenge.

His

His little Frederick was now a year old, and Waldorf loved to trace *his* features, blended with those of Helena, in its innocent countenance: the pains of memory sunk into oblivion, and the child of error seemed drawing to the mansion of peace. Sometimes, strolling through the woods, he caught his infant to his breast, and experienced the delight of a parent—life again seemed a blessing; yet, without his Frederick, he felt it would be a curse. Lok *too* imagined Fate slept on its dagger, and meant no *more* to stab the light breast of peace or happiness.

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CHAPTER VI.

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“ How darest thou say thy prayers, and plan a  
 “ murder !....Sheathe your weapon, and *blush*  
 “ when *next* you pray !”

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THE broad sun was half sunk in  
 the firmament, and the moon was just  
 visible through the clouds—the playful  
 breezes were dimpling—the silver  
 streams went limping down the bank—  
 and



and tired nature was sinking into the lap of eve—when Lok, Waldorf, and the child, were roving through the whispering woods in peaceful harmony. Just as they turned a leafy avenue, a figure darted from behind a tree, and crossed their path.

“ Count Gravenitz !” exclaimed Waldorf violently.

“ The day of reckoning !” thundered the Duke’s son, drawing his bright stiletto.

Lok rushed between them. “ For—  
“ bear, young man !” said he.



“ Never, by the God that made  
“ me !” replied the Count.

“ Leave me !” said the shrinking  
Waldorf, as he advanced. “ Let me  
“ not dip my hands *again* in blood.  
“ My child, my Frederick, spare me  
“ another murder, nor hunt me to the  
“ brink of ruin.”

“ You and your child die to expiate  
“ your crimes this minute !” retorted  
the Count.

“ Madmen !” interrupted Lok,  
“ retire, nor strive to render a father  
“ and a fellow-creature miserable !”

Waldorf caught up his child.

“ The

“ The child is innocent—the parent  
 “ unfortunate !” continued Lok, “ Be  
 “ merciful, nor crush his hopes with  
 “ fresh distresses !”

“ *He and his child !*” still murmured  
 the Count.

“ Waldorf,” returned Lok, “ can  
 “ save himself—and the child I will  
 “ protect.—*Do* you believe in a  
 “ God, and *dare* be a villain !”

Waldorf pressed his child still closer;  
 as if to say, Who dares harm thee ?

Lok turned round. “ Waldorf,  
 “ depart with your son,” said, he ;  
 “ shield

“ shield him in your retreat, and leave  
“ the Count to me.”

The agonized Waldorf tremblingly obeyed.

When the appellation “ Coward !” from Gravenitz arrested his footsteps, his eyes gleamed in fury—he sprang forwards, and was stopped by Lok.

“ Begone, fanatic !” exclaimed he reproachfully ; and instantly Waldorf, with his child, darted through the trees, and disappeared.

Immediately the enraged Count rushed on Lok, who parried the thrust  
with

with his cane, and smiled disdainfully.  
 " How darest thou say thy prayers, and  
 " plan a murder !" said Lok, folding  
 his arms, and directing a severe glance  
 to the awe-struck madman. " How  
 " now ! Does thy God smile on thee ?  
 " Did he send thee to destroy thy  
 " brethren ? Sheathe thy weapon, and  
 " *blush* when next you pray ! Study  
 " the religion of humanity, and be-  
 " come *truly* pious ! What, turn your  
 " eyes to heaven, and thrust your dag-  
 " ger in the heart of a fellow-creature !  
 " Go home, young man, and learn  
 " virtue, not merely to *preach* it."

Lok concluded, and, turning down  
 another path, coolly returned home-  
 wards ; while the blushing fanatic,  
 burnt



burnt with surprise, rage, and mortification, thrice aimed his uplifted stiletto towards the back of Lok—yet fear and awe withheld his trembling arm; and, vowing *still* to be revenged, he reached his lodgings.



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## CHAPTER VII.

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“ A degree of enthusiastic madness strung every  
 “ nerve with rash courage—he forbore to  
 “ think.

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**W**HEN Lok returned, he found  
 Waldorf pale and suspensive, hanging  
 over his child :—“ We must go from  
 “ Spain, I fear,” said he with vehe-  
 mence.

“ You

“ You and Frederick must,” replied Lok, “ but *I* shall easily manage the “ flimsy enthusiast.

“ We will depart before the commission of another murder,” answered Waldorf; “ and rather seek for refuge “ in the savage deserts, than be forcibly “ pushed down a precipice of guilt and “ misfortune.” After a little consultation, Waldorf retired to make preparations for an immediate journey; and, at the still hour of midnight, Frederick, and his persecuted parent, commenced their travels.

Horrid sensations renewed in his mind, and every whisper of the winds startled his watchful soul. His child  
insensibly

insensibly grew pale, and trembled as he knew not what, when the warm tears of Waldorf fell on his face—he pressed his parent still closer, and strove to dissipate the frown of thought that furrowed his pallid features. Yet all its soft smiles, and innocent endearments, drove additional thorns in his devoted breast, and nought could sooth the stern anguish of despair—the voice of consolation irritated his ears, and he bent his wretched head to the strong torrent of misery and repentance.

A short interval brought him to Estramadura. He entered the lonely wilderness he had before repassed, with sensations even more terrible, and gave directions for as quick procedure as possible

possible to Grenada. No reasoning could, however, quell the painful ideas which arose—the endearments of Frederick were disregarded, and he viewed his soft smiles with the apathy of a stoic. Wearied and unsuccessful, the child at last ceased its innocent sportiveness, and, like its parent, sunk into melancholy and silence. The heavy hours were undisturbed; and Frederick sat motionless and dull, as if fearful to disturb Waldorf. This last struggle of juvenile affection found an immediate way to the sentimental heart of its youthful parent. The season of folly again commenced—Waldorf caught up his child, and burst into tears; then strove to raise his drooping spirits, by a succession of extravagancies. The fond



fond father revived—he threw himself on his knees—laughed out without vivacity—sung without meaning—dandled him—talked nonsense : then suddenly, his heart sinking, he burst into tears again, and cast the laughter-loving infant from his wretched bosom.

At last they entered the town of Grenada. Here and there were seen the Moorish gardens, and the valiant Moors dispersed through the streets. Frederick's mind now wanted no additional entertainment; he gazed delighted on all he saw. He passed the Bavarambla's or market-places; and viewed, with pleasure, the Moorish guard, with standard and pikes. In Grenada they rested; and as Waldorf viewed



viewed the warlike and barbarous dress and appearance of the Moors, he formed a pretty good estimate of their sanguinary dispositions.

Here he resolved to stay no longer, and agreed with a muleteer to journey over the mountains, to the province of Andalusia. Unluckily the roads proved very bad, and a few goat-herds and cottagers constituted the inhabitants. Yet to Waldorf, local circumstances were indifferent; his spirit could hardly be more depressed, and the most pleasurable scenes would not have made him cheerful. As the weather, however, proved uncommonly beautiful, when he proceeded about half way on his journey, he discharged the muleteer, and

and travelled across the hills and valleys. Tranquil and unrestrained, he pursued devious and desultory tracts, giving his mind wholly to meditation. The sky was spangled with stars, and the fruits of the earth grew wild in abundance, and cottages furnished occasional shelter. Sometimes wandering, and at others cast on the fragrant ground, Waldorf and his infant became children of the lonely deserts, and citizens at large, free and unrivalled.

Strolling, as usual, they discovered a cave in an intricate part of the wood; a faint murmur assailed the ears of Waldorf, and he entered—a sudden tremor possessed him: he bade his son wait at the entrance; then, approach-  
ing

ing a door, he burst it open, and proceeded down a number of devious turnings—a degree of enthusiastic madness strung every nerve with rash courage: he forbore to *think*, and darted on with eager violence.

Before he had descended to the bottom, he heard a loud shrieking: he advanced into a kind of dungeon, and beheld a man stretched on the ground still breathing, while a furious Moor stabbed him repeatedly, disregarding his cries, which were now sinking into faint groans. “Fiend!” thundered Waldorf—and, springing on the Moor, struck him to the earth. Instantly *two* more sprung from a corner, and raised their pikes. The wounded wretch  
groaned

groaned, and a loud peal of laughter, and confusion of voices, shook the cave. Waldorf placed his back to the wall, and parried their thrusts with his sword, when suddenly the wall gave way, and, followed by his antagonists, he entered a spacious room, where a large company were carousing.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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“ Self-interest is the law of nature ; and the  
 “ most indefinable sensations obliquely spring  
 “ from the contaminated source.”

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ROUND a table a number of men  
 were collected in Moorish dresses ; their  
 complexions were copper - coloured,  
 which, together with whiskers and fero-  
 cious dark eyes, rendered their appear-  
 ances



ances fearfully terrific. On this sudden entrance they all rose, and drew their large sabres. The astonished Waldorf could scarcely articulate an apology, and his pursuers retired at a humble distance.

A short-looking figure approached him with a dagger in his hand—a kind of helmet distinguished him from his companions—his eyes were quick and piercing—and a sort of scornful half-smile relaxed his features. Judging, by the Spanish habit Waldorf had adopted, that he was a native, he accosted him in that language.

“ Perhaps,” said he, “ you are ignorant of the profession we hold ;

D 2

“ if

“ if otherwise, you must be an idiot.  
 “ Your youth and aspect are, however,  
 “ prepossessing ; therefore conquer any  
 “ any alarm, and remain here.”

Immediately all sat down and sheathed  
 their weapons.

“ Unaccountable as my appearance  
 “ may seem,” replied Waldorf, grace-  
 fully bowing, “ depend upon it, my un-  
 “ derstanding is *underanged* ; and, as a  
 “ proof of my sanity, I beg you will  
 “ accept my grateful acknowledgements  
 “ for civilities so unexpected ; at the  
 “ same time I may not show an impro-  
 “ per boldness in soliciting your mercy  
 “ for the wounded wretch who lies  
 “ bleeding in the cave.”

“ Impossible !”

“Impossible!” retorted the Chief,  
 “he is my *bitterest* foe.”

At that moment a well-known voice echoed through the cave. Waldorf rose in agitation, when a child ran into the apartment, and, springing into his arms, clung eagerly round his neck—it was Frederick, who had followed, through the *still* open doors, his rash and enthusiastic parent. Something like a flash of sentiment hovered over the ferocious banditti at this interesting scene, whilst the terrified child, giving a fearful glance around, sunk on his father’s breast, and burst into tears. An agonizing blush beamed in the face of Waldorf; he feared for his child, and grasped

his ffiletto with an air of anxiety and doubt.

“ Banish fear !” exclaimed the Chief, offering a goblet of wine, “ Drink, my friend, and be merry !”

At that moment the dying wretch heaved a *groan*. The countenance of Waldorf again changed—his blood froze—and he instinctively raised his ffiletto again.

The Chief smiled disdainfully ; then rising with a light, he beckoned Waldorf to the body, and shewed the shuddering youth. The struggling victim now bore the powerful stamp of *death* indelibly

indelibly engraved on his clammy features—the lynx-eyed robber gazed thoughtfully on the corpse.—“ ’Tis *too* late !” sighed Waldorf, and turned away with horror.

“ I perceive,” said the robber, you are  
 “ horror-struck ; but *pity* is the child of  
 “ folly.—We have hearts of steel, which  
 “ qualify us for life ; and we *plunder*  
 “ our treacherous fellow-creatures, to  
 “ keep the rest of the world in coun-  
 “ tenance. Interest is the pursuit of  
 “ mortals — friendship is an empty  
 “ name, a coward virtue, that skulks  
 “ only in the breasts of those who  
 “ cringe for favours —our *stilettos*  
 “ preserve our independence. The  
 “ brutes of the earth seek their own  
 D 4 “ welfare,



“ welfare, and the world moves on  
 “ the same maxims. I have watched  
 “ the spider ensnare the fly—the trout  
 “ perish by the rapacious pike—the  
 “ vulture pursue the linnet—the lamb  
 “ destroyed by the wolf—and man  
 “ prey on man. Self-preservation,  
 “ self-interest, is the law of nature ; and  
 “ the most indefinable sensations ob-  
 “ liquely spring from the same source.  
 “ Honour is the dream of madmen—  
 “ the vision of folly—a casualty that de-  
 “ pends on the opinions of others ; it is  
 “ a different thing in different nations,  
 “ and even in different companies.  
 “ The impulse of *nature*, and the sway  
 “ of the *heart*, is called vice—the chi-  
 “ canery of the head, and the blind  
 “ offspring of madness and superstition,  
 “ you

“ you call virtue. Down with the idol  
 “ yoke!—Follow your passions ; they  
 “ were *given* for your happiness. Why  
 “ do you quarrel with glass for break-  
 “ ing? the maker is alone to blame  
 “ for its being brittle.”

He paused: his dark eyes shot fire,  
 and the strength of his perverted in-  
 tellect shone in his countenance. Wal-  
 dorf gazed around, and his eyes met  
 the wandering glances of an emaciated  
 person who sat opposite. “ *I,*” ex-  
 claimed this man, “ cannot conquer  
 “ my emotions ; conscience stings, nor  
 “ are all *your* reasonings sufficient to  
 “ lull it asleep—like an half-strangled  
 “ child, its hollow moans are *still* dis-  
 “ tinct, and I, the miserable murderer,  
 D 5 “ want

“ want courage to *conclude* its destruc-  
“ tion.” He ceased: his fallow coun-  
tenance was despairing and horrid; his  
eyes wandered, and he sunk again into  
melancholy and silence.

## CHAPTER

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CHAPTER IX.

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" *This* is the base compound between the head  
 " and the heart ; the dream of sophistry, the  
 " prostitution of *Reason*."

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" CONSCIENCE !" thundered a  
 tall athletic man, " the fancy of an  
 " hypochondriac ! conscience ! the threat  
 " of priestcraft ! I disclaim the vision-  
 " ary idea."

D 6

" Vice,"

“ Vice,” interrupted the Chief, “ is indeed frequently a false expression. Analyze what comes under the imputation ; place it in a philosophical light, and see it as it really is, an idle bugbear to frighten fools—the vision of an hour—the fears of the night—reviewed at day-light, it causes laughter. Philosophy can *soon* reconcile us to the commission of such nick-named atrocity.”

“ I am willing,” interrupted Waldorf energetically, “ to view mankind as prejudiced and superstitious ; yet, philosopher as I am, I am not disposed to explain away the ties of moral rectitude ; better leave them  
“ in



“ in their ancient prejudices, if destroy-  
 “ ing them dissolves the moral obliga-  
 “ tion. The true philosopher seeks the  
 “ good of mankind; he foregoes his  
 “ own interests to promote their good,  
 “ and never hurts them willingly. These  
 “ false reasonings make you justly de-  
 “ testable to mankind. Any man who  
 “ adopts part of a good theory, to *con-*  
 “ *ceal* a vicious practice, is a villain;  
 “ but you do more—you qualify it,  
 “ and make your conscience a partner  
 “ in your crimes. Alas! how mis-  
 “ chievous is a sophist! Great, indeed,  
 “ are the dangers of philosophy.”

“ You are too vehement,” replied  
 the Chief. “ Most actions spring from  
 “ corrupt

“ corrupt motives, however imper-  
 “ ceptible they may be—Virtue is the  
 “ language of prejudice ; and circum-  
 “ stance alone renders the same thing  
 “ laudable or atrocious.”

“ But murder, for instance—” re-  
 turned Waldorf, shuddering at this de-  
 testable philosophy—“ takes a black  
 “ hue from the influence of predica-  
 “ ment,” replied the Chief. “ Self-pre-  
 “ servation, self-interest, or revenge, are  
 “ involuntary passions. Who, that can  
 “ reason, would be the slave of preju-  
 “ dice and forbearance ?”

“ What then *is* vice ?” asked Wal-  
 dorf.

“ An

“ An ingenuous definition of spontaneous emotions,” answered the sophist. “ Should a madman poignard his fellow-creature, would you call his action base and atrocious ?”

“ No, certainly,” replied Waldorf ; “ *he had no reason to check the murderous impulse.*”

“ Thus it is then,” said the robber exultingly : “ Those who follow passions, without calling in the aid of reason, those who obey impulse without reflection, are not *villains*, but *madmen*—the slave of *reason* is the child of priestcraft and prejudice, but the obeyer of impulse and inclination is the genuine philosopher of the *heart*.”

“ But

“ But conscience—” said Waldorf  
 “ —Is the spectre of the *weak*,” answered the robber.

Waldorf rose in trepidation—“ This,” thought he, “ is the theory of Lok, “ stripped of ornament—this is the “ mask of vice—this is intellect mis- “ guided—this is the base compound “ between the head and the heart— “ the dream of sophistry—the prosti- “ tution of *reason*,” he exclaimed aloud.

The robber smiled disdainfully. “ Let “ me go !” reiterated Waldorf, “ let “ me leave this den of philosophic de- “ pravity.”

The

The banditti rose, and the Chief advanced—"Go, my young enthusiast," said he, "but beware of betraying the scene you have to-night beheld." Waldorf bowed assent; and, seizing the child, he was eagerly retiring, when the wretched sophist, taking a light, accompanied him out. Waldorf passed the dead body with a violent shudder. The robber then pressed his hand, and saluted Frederick, who shrunk from his touch. Waldorf repeated a cold adieu; and the Chief retired, as he darted through the wood, in search of some lonely hut—the night was beautiful and serene. Waldorf dwelt with *horror* on the unprincipled sophists, and *wondered* at his *own* escape, when he reached a small cottage, in which he and his

child



child were admitted for the night. Waldorf, after determining to proceed in all speed to Andalusia in the morning, once more *peacefully* reposed on the humble couch of the hospitable rustics.

## CHAPTER

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CHAPTER X.

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“ Why do I thus fly my enemies?....Am I *not*  
 “ *innocent* P....Let me then boldly rush for-  
 “ ward, and crush the persecuting blood-  
 “ hounds into oblivion.”

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THE morning shewed them on the  
 road to Andalusia : soon they reached  
 that charming province. A muleteer  
 conducted them to a Venta, or Spanish  
 inn,

inn, at the foot of the Sierra de Ronda. They now beheld, with delight, a fine prospect. Refreshments were procured, and Waldorf sat down to write to Lok his present abode and intentions. Waldorf now was rather tranquil; novelty entertained his mind, and he expected, with anxiety, an answer from Lok. In his letter he had not forgot to mention the Banditti, neither had he suppressed their conversation, and his comments. A short interval had elapsed, when he received the wished-for

## LETTER.

“ Gravenitz has haunted these parts  
 “ without success; he has discovered  
 “ your departure, and withdrawn in  
 “ consequence.

“ consequence. I cannot discover the  
 “ route he has taken, but do not ima-  
 “ gine there can remain any danger,  
 “ since he has *gone*. You will, therefore,  
 “ return to Spain as soon as possible.

“ You tell me of a den of philosophic  
 “ robbers. Pray, is an *unprincipled*  
 “ philosopher more astonishing than a  
 “ blood-thirsty devotee? The former, at  
 “ least, can *speciously* reconcile his con-  
 “ science, whilst the other acts in defiance  
 “ of the Being he adores. Your robber  
 “ has head without heart—it is the sun  
 “ of intellect, wasting nutritive rays on  
 “ a rank soil, which produces nothing  
 “ but poisonous weeds. *He* is rich in  
 “ understanding, but poor in principle.

“ Here

“ Here is brain without soul. Alas !

“ my poor devotee has *neither*.

HARDI LOK.

Waldorf asked no second summons to his Spanish seclusion, and the society of his friend. Muleteers were hired, and Waldorf again set out to *repace* the same roads and mountains.

The second Venta necessity obliged them to stop at. Fear, who stood waiting on tiptoe, was once more beckoned back to the asylum of Waldorf. Frederick, who was amusing himself at the window, suddenly exclaimed, “ Here he is, father ! here he is !

Waldorf



Waldorf darted instantly to the casement, and beheld Gravenitz, with a single attendant, driving into the inn yard. "He has discovered our route," then," thought the agitated Waldorf, "and comes in pursuit of us—there is not a moment to be lost:" then, wrapping Frederick in his cloak, he slowly descended a pair of back steps that brought him into a shady lane; anguished and despairing, he darted down it, and, entering a kind of forest, he ran with the child in his arms, till he sunk on the ground, overcome with lassitude.

Pale and aghast, his child clung round his unfortunate parent, and passed his little hands over his burning temples.

His

His tears fell fast on the passive countenance of Waldorf, whose bosom beat with unutterable emotion. Returning thought, at last, brought renewal of spirits. He raised himself, and, followed by Frederick, they pursued their sad and silent way towards the peaceful retreat of Lok. Again was heaven their canopy—again was the earth their grassy couch—and, again was their food the wild fruits of generous nature. Afraid to visit the haunts of man, they journeyed across the wilds, without horses or guide, now and then inquiring their way of the simple goat-herds. “And must  
 “ I then wander over the earth, like a  
 “ coward and assassin !” Waldorf would exclaim — “ Why do I thus fly my  
 “ enemies, terrified and afraid ? Why  
 “ not

“ not, face to face, meet them, and  
 “ bestow the death they invite? Why,  
 “ like a mad bigot, be afraid to stain  
 “ my conscience with murder? Am I  
 “ not innocent? Is not fate *alone* to  
 “ blame? Let me then boldly rush  
 “ forward, and crush the persecuting  
 “ blood-hounds into oblivion!”

*Then* would memory present her mirror, and bid him view a dim train of visionary objects that passed in flow and sad procession; there were Sophia, Millroh, Helena, Zin—and, wrapped in a distant mist, more victims were remotely seen, who seemed waiting for the already-pointed dart of hovering death: then *again* would he relapse into silence and despair.

At length they compassed their journey, within twelve leagues, and renovated courage awoke the slumbering faculties of the unfortunate Waldorf. They reposed in the cottage of a goat-herd; and when at the supper-table, his sportive child on one knee, and surrounded by the goat-herd, his wife, and a child of nine years old, he was seen to smile in a manner pleasingly pensive.



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CHAPTER XI.

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"Thou too hast murdered the hopes of a parent."

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THE morning rose in smiles. The goat-herd and his family breakfasted; then leaving their still-wearied guest in the cottage, they *all* proceeded to their daily labours.



Frederick was slumbering, in the peace of infancy, on his homely couch. Waldorf was alone, and alive to contemplation. All were gone, and he dwelt in silence over the lovely countenance of the child : his soul was open—he kneeled beside him, his eyes ran over, and tear after tear fell on its face. The sun shone through the casements ; and peace and quiet seemed to shelter the cottage with their soft and overspreading wings.

Sigh after sigh escaped his breast. He traced the features of his unfortunate, corrupted Helena, blended with his own, in the face of Frederick ; yet there was an indescribable something hovering in its smile, which memory

at

at length recognized in the face of Zenna, that divine emanation of the benevolent soul that so often flashed on the interesting features of his awful parent. A train of thoughts succeeded, and he at once beheld the solemn prophecy fulfilled he had so often smiled at. A warm gush of tears burst from his half-piercing eyes—he rose half distracted, and entered the little garden of the cottager—he wandered down a kind of grove, so full of trees, that the cottage and garden was at once shut from view. Here a mild languor rose on his spirits, and softened him into sensibility; the fever of the soul subsided; and, as he thought of his loved Frederick, he felt still happy. Fearful he might awake and want something, he turned from the

grove and walked to the cottage, whilst *near* it he heard him cry. Instantly the heavy current of blood rushed from his heart, and crimsoned his burning face; a cloud of horror rose on his mind; he feared some *new misery*; and, as the cry increased, he darted into the cottage.

Tied, near the door, was a horse and portmanteau. He *flew* into Frederick's room; there, what a sight blasted his new-born hopes!—the child weeping on his knees, and *Gravenitz* waving his sword over its innocent head. Instantly he sprung on the Count, and struck the weapon out of his hand with his stiletto.

“Thanks, O God!” exclaimed the Count, “*here* is my victim:” then turning,

turning, with his eyes of fire, he was darting with his sword on Waldorf, when the innocent fondling, rushing to shield his father, received the steel in his bosom, and sunk bleeding on the earth.

Instantly Waldorf threw down his stiletto, and raised his child, but in vain. He bound the gaping wound — the lovely infant, convulsively shuddering in his arms, looked imploringly at his parent, and breathed the last sigh.

“ Villain ! thou hast murdered my  
 “ child,” he exclaimed, *before* breath-  
 less *horror* had chained his speech !



“Thou too *hast murdered* the hopes  
 “of a *parent!*” exclaimed the exul-  
 ting, yet terrified fiend.

Without answering, they sprung on  
 each other, and the stiletto of Waldorf  
 ran up to the hilt in his breast; instantly  
 he fell, deeply groaning.—Despair strung  
 the nerves of Waldorf *afresh*: with the  
 wild stare of a madman, he rushed from  
 the cottage, and darted into the woods.

## CHAPTER



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## CHAPTER XII.

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“ Drag me to the deserts—chain me to a rock—  
 “ let the vultures tear my heart—sink me into  
 “ madness and despair—heap misery on me,  
 “ till I fall in love with anguish, and leap  
 “ into the arms of death.”

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**D**ESCRIPTION is not adequate to express the horror of Waldorf, when his terrified senses once more returned. Panting and breathless, he sunk on the  
 E 5 ground,

ground, and his burdened mind seemed unable to take in the extent of agony that crowded on his ideas, like the indescribable swelling of a huge torrent; not a sigh or a tear relieved his heavy soul; the big mass of grief strangled all utterance, and lay cold on his bursting heart—the fixed stare of a madman gave way to a convulsive wandering—his quick pulse seemed to strike fire, and the crimson burnings of anguish were alternately usurped by the sickly dews of chilling misery. In one short moment, his child, the thread of his life, the sun of his existence, the budding hopes of his soul, torn, crushed, murdered! Where now his laughing eyes? Where now the sportive smiles of his blooming boy? Gravenitz was  
also

also dead—his hands *again* imbrued in *murder* : thought was madness—his soul rushed to his bursting eyes—his heart-strings were distended—every nerve was racked—agony could go no farther, and his fainting spirits sunk into insensibility.

Were these then the fruits of his *own* culture ? Were these but the effects of his *own* cause ? Were these the *dangers* of philosophy Zenna had taught him to expect ? Too true had he predicted : but were they the natural result of his sentiments, or of the want of uniformity in others ? In this perplexity, the lonely victim sunk under the rolling torrent, the pressure of grief sitting on his shrinking soul, and weighing him down to  

E 6
madness

madness. Gravenitz lay dead in the cottage, and the murdered infant by his side—the miserable victims of his own ill-fated sentiment.

Gravenitz had, indeed, discovered Waldorf's abode, by accidentally seeing the postmark of his letter to Lok, at the post-office, and afterwards carried to the house. He had, accordingly, departed to Andalusia; and discovering that Waldorf had since quitted that province, he proceeded in search of him, and traced him to the inn where Frederick, by seeing him, had averted present destruction. From there he lost his route, for some time; but learning, by the description of a mountaineer, such persons as Gravenitz described *had* been



been seen, he unfortunately traced them to the goat-herd's cottage, where the horrid scene ensued that stamped Waldorf with fresh guilt and misfortune. Once more he emerged from insensibility; he opened his eyes, and beheld some one bending over him with looks of anxiety and concern—it was *Lok*, who, impatient of his society, and conjecturing he must be now on the road to his house, had rode with the hopes of meeting him. Pale as death, his unfortunate victim was extended on the damp grass, and met his astonished eyes, as he emerged from a leafy avenue leading to the high road. Waldorf raised his shivering form; and *Lok*, kneeling by his side, drew his cold hand between his, and heaved a sigh, expressive



expressive of *repentant* anguish : painful sensations rose in his mind—he supported Waldorf from the ground, and with the other hand leading his horse, they slowly walked on. Lok forbore to interrogate—he guessed some horrid circumstance had occurred ; but, intent on the safety of his friend, he thought only of procuring a speedy conveyance to remove him from all danger.

Suddenly Waldorf stopped, and laid his hand on Lok's stiletto—a wild ferocity dwelt in his despairing eyes—“ Are you *really* my friend ?” asked he in a firm low voice.

“ *Can* you doubt ?” was the reply.

“ Unsheathe

"Unsheathe your stiletto then," exclaimed Waldorf, with the look of a madman, "and let me run on the point."

"Are you mad?" answered Lok, with an air of horror.

"Yes, by all that's good," rejoined Waldorf, wildly clasping his hands. Then throwing himself on his knees, he articulated in a low voice, "By all your professions of friendship—by all the sacred ties of humanity, let me die."

"Forbear, my friend," exclaimed Lok; "you rive my heartstrings—live for your Frederick, your child."

"Hold,

“ Hold, or I madden !” thundered Waldorf—“ *he is murdered !*”

This was too much for even Lok, who staggered, thunderstruck, against his horse.

“ Let me die,” still repeated the miserable youth—“ I will not live—I will not stir.” He rolled on the earth ; he beat his throbbing breast ; he groaned aloud. “ Drag me to the deserts,” he continued—“ chain me to a rock—let the vultures tear my heart—sink me into madness and despair—heap misery on me till I fall in love with anguish, and leap into the arms of death.”

Lok

Lok caught his stubborn arm—"Be  
"persuaded to go," faltered he.

"*Never,*" was the reply.

He bit the long grass in convulsive  
agony, and tore his dishevelled hair as  
it fell on his shoulders.

The noise of chariot-wheels now  
startled his ears; he sprung from the  
ground, and exclaimed—"Here come  
"the myrmidons of justice—let them  
"drag me to my fate—I shall die, and  
"be content.

Lok ran to the road side—it was an  
empty chaise returning. Regardless of  
every thing, but the safety of Waldorf,  
he



he agreed with the postillion, for a very large sum, to convey them to the Port of Lisbon, where he resolved to bargain for a passage to Bourdeaux, and retire to some quiet seclusion when there, and spend the remnant of his days with Waldorf. With these resolves, he forced Waldorf into the chaise, and, drawing up the windows, they proceeded with the utmost velocity.

## CHAPTER



## CHAPTER XIII.

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" But in *vain*—the dream of happiness was dis-  
 " perded for *ever*."

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IN the interim the goat-herds returned to their innocent retreat, which had so suddenly become the scene of *murder*. Surprise and horror struck the peaceful cottagers at the horrid sight; they forbore, however, to express their emotions

tions till they had seen if every spark of life was extinct in the bleeding victims. They raised the child which had so lately been alive and happy; then bound up his gaping wound, and, with looks of horror, chafed his stiff and clay-cold hands. They strove to draw the stiletto from the gashed bosom of Gravenitz, then washed the wound, and laid them both on their rustic bed; then, drawing the clothes over their pale countenances, quitted the chamber of death.

A long consultation ensued, in which it was agreed the whole affair should immediately be taken for the cognizance of the police; but, ere the terrified messenger departed, the Count's horse was led to the stable, and the portman-  
teau

teau brought into the cottage, where they all again assembled with looks of terror and curiosity.

Suddenly the simple latch was lifted, and the Count's attendant entered the room. This man Gravenitz had ordered to wait for him, at a small distance; but, impatient of delay, he at length followed him to a cottage which he had seen him enter.

“ My master is *here* !” he exclaimed, then stopped at the sight of his port-manteau, whose *exterior* the rustics were eagerly examining.

A sudden reflection now occurred to their simple minds, and they foresaw the dangers

dangers of their situation. Immediately mistrust and alarm gathered on their countenances; and, gazing fearfully on each other, they remained silent.

Suspicion, at the same minute, glanced on the mind of the servant. "I am certain my master has not been safe in your hands," he continued; then, advancing, he exclaimed, "This is blood on your clothes—you have murdered my master!"

Breathless horror now crimsoned the faces of the cottagers—the servant thundered at the door for assistance—in vain the unfortunate peasant begged to be heard—the neighbouring rustics assembled



bled—and, in a few minutes, the miserable family were dragged to prison.

Whilst these victims of hospitality were languishing in a prison for the crimes of a stranger, Waldorf was safe in a quiet seclusion, near an inaccessible mountain, free from the visits and incursions of mankind. Lok was striving to soothe his breaking heart ; and, when he heard the fresh story of his woes, it caused a kind of repentant anguish in his bosom, and sought for new arguments to recall composure.

But in *vain*—the dream of happiness was dispersed for *ever* ; to the fever of anguish, succeeded the slow palsy of fixed melancholy, that shook the seat  
of

of reason, and deadened the benumbed nerves of his bursting heart; the fine contour of his noble aspect was sicklied with the pale cast of melancholy, a pathetic wildness shone in his eyes; he neither smiled nor spoke, but sunk into a silent lethargy.

Even the soul of Lok had sunk into the vortex of grief: his eloquence no longer preserved the obduracy of his feelings; ever he paused to examine the tendency of his principles; and as he involuntarily traced the chain of Waldorf's misfortunes to their source, he grieved that ever he had instructed him.

"In making him wise," said he, "I

"have loaded him with trouble. He

"is hunted to the grave before he is

"fitted

“ fitted for man. Ought I, by pro-  
 “ pagating my principles, to occasion  
 “ so much unhappiness? The world is  
 “ prejudiced—I must desist. My prin-  
 “ ciples are too pure for an age of  
 “ bigotry—their superstitions must be  
 “ destroyed upon their own ground—  
 “ for the future, I must rather *under-*  
 “ *mine*, than attack them openly.”

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## CHAPTER XIV.

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“ What meant that scene of blood, for which my  
 “ miserable husband is now breaking his heart  
 “ in prison, till the day of execution arrives ? ”

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THE days of solitude and melancholy soon became insupportable to the active mind of Lok. A short visit to the metropolis, with a change of names, appeared safe and pleasing. Waldorf, to whom,



whom, in his unhappy state of mind, all places were alike, made neither objection nor confirmation upon the subject, and they accordingly entered the busy metropolis.

Lok strove to amuse himself by examining every thing curious in the country; but the declining Waldorf confined himself to a silent lonely walk by the sea-side. One evening some people landed on the quay, and among them a child was carried ashore by two females in mourning, and conveyed to a solitary little house on the sea-shore. They passed Waldorf, who was leaning against a tree; but one of the women waving them on to the house, almost

instantly returned, and stood by Waldorf, who, recognising the cottager's wife, sunk fainting to the earth.

The place was lonely and dark—the unfortunate *creature* melted into tears, and kneeling by his side, sprinkled seawater on his pallid countenance; he revived, and opened his despairing eyes —“ Be not disturbed,” faltered the woman in a hollow voice, “ you shall not die.” She raised his emaciated form, and supported him.

“ Wonder not at my emotions,” he at length articulated with a deep sigh; “ you remind me of a scene of horror.”

“ Answer

“ Answer me,” replied the cottager,  
 “ what meant that scene of blood, for  
 “ which my miserable husband is now  
 “ breaking his heart in prison, until the  
 “ day of execution arrives ?”

A shriek of agony escaped the wretched  
 Waldorf; the woman continued—“ Per-  
 “ haps it is not *too* late ; let us fly, and  
 “ save him.”

“ I am ready !” exclaimed Waldorf;  
 “ *life* is a burden. If there is a ship  
 “ about to sail, I will go to Spain this  
 “ instant.”

A few minutes—and the scene was  
 again changed. Waldorf and the wo-

man were sailing for the Port of Lisbon ; the one, to save her husband ; the other, to lay down his life, and confess himself a murderer.

It appeared that her husband was sentenced to death, after every suspicious circumstance had been adduced, to aggravate his guilt. His wife and child had been turned ignominiously from their abode, and all their little effects confiscated. — A friend had torn her from Spain, and a sister at Bourdeaux had offered an asylum. The intreaties of the miserable prisoner impelled them to fly from poverty and disgrace ; they departed, and left him to his fate.

The



The melancholy Waldorf explained the whole horrid affair to her, until, struggling between *humanity* and *love* for her husband, she burst into tears. "Surely," she would exclaim, "you are even *more* miserable than myself." Then, as she gazed on his pensive impressive features, almost a sensation of remorse bade her spare the life of one so unfortunate. On the other hand, the ideas of death were soothing to the mind of Waldorf. Released from the painfully officious friendship, which he sometimes secretly deprecated, of Lok, the redundancy of emotion for a while dilated the fixed anguish which laid heavy on his soul. Dissolved in thought, he anticipated

the death which would so soon lay him down in rest, and yet a chilly damp seemed, in his very breathings, to rush in upon him, with a weight of horror—every sigh seemed to lift a burden from his heart, which fell with redoubled force; and no thought but the grave, dissolved the whelming gloom.

Thus were the efforts of Lok suddenly frustrated, and he was left to mourn the fate of his miserable friend, in an uncertainty from which Waldorf, on his arrival at the Post-house at Lisbon, relieved him. It ran thus :

“ Already

“ Already I anticipate your friendly  
 “ reproaches ; such as *madman, ideot,*  
 “ *fanatic*—but let the uselessness of  
 “ them calm your emotion. I am gone  
 “ to receive the *death* I *deserve* and  
 “ *wish for*. Should chance ever bring  
 “ you to Spain, the particulars of my  
 “ fate will be more minutely known to  
 “ you. I must spare myself the recital.  
 “ The spectres of Sophia, Zin, Grave-  
 “ nitz, Millroh, rise in terrible array.  
 “ Even Helena, Frederick, and per-  
 “ haps my Andalusian cottager, are re-  
 “ motely my victims—I cannot live to  
 “ destroy more : my whole life has been  
 “ a dream of horror, which I shake off  
 “ in death. Let Herman, my *adopted*  
 “ parent, and Zenna, my *real* one, be

“ apprised of my fate ; that, united  
 “ with my kind, friendly Lok, they  
 “ may drop the tears of pity on the  
 “ grave of

“ WALDORF.”

CHAPTER



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## CHAPTER XV.

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“ Are you aware of the consequences of your  
 “ accusation? or am I to regard you as one  
 “ bereft of reason ?”

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FROM Lisbon they proceeded, with  
 the utmost rapidity, to Andalusia. Ex-  
 hausted and agonized, yet without the  
 least refreshment or repose, they bent  
 F 6 their

their trembling steps to the spot where the peasant was to suffer—they darted through the crowd.

“ Barbarians ! stop ! here is the  
“ murderer ! ” exclaimed Waldorf,  
followed by the shuddering cottager.

All eyes were turned instantly on his wild and pallid features, and on the frantic looks of his companion.

A respectable magistrate seized his arm. “ Young man, this is some  
“ mistake ! Here is *now* no trial for  
“ *murder*, but robbery ! ”

“ Where

“ Where then,” shrieked the woman,  
 “ is my husband, my Adolpho Hen-  
 “ rigues ?”

At the further corner stood an execu-  
 tioner, with the instruments of death—  
 near him his trembling victim. The  
 pitiless barbarity of the executioner  
 gleamed on his ferocious countenance.  
 “ Your mountaineer,” he contemptu-  
 ously replied, “ has been at rest these  
 “ six days.”

A heart-rending shriek escaped the  
 miserable woman. She cast a look of  
 anguish on the fainting Waldorf, and  
 fell senseless on the earth. A dreary  
 pause ensued, when an order was given  
 for

for offering up the victim upon the altar of the law.

A few minutes sufficed for its execution; and the magistrate again turned to Waldorf, who still remained the fixed image of despair. "Are you aware of the consequences of your accusation? or am I to regard you as one bereft of reason?"

"Regard me as I *am*!" Waldorf sternly replied.

"As a *murderer* then?" interrogated the magistrate, incredulously.

"As a murderer!" he repeated.

Without



Without replying, the magistrate, turning to his emissaries, ordered Waldorf to be sent to prison, with a resolution of speedily investigating so singular a case.

A general murmur now ran through the crowd—all seemed interested in his fate; and, as he was led off, a cry of dissatisfaction arose, which not even magisterial authority was sufficient to suppress.

In the interim, the Duke, his wife, and Lady Amelia, the last *sad* hope of the family, had been in Spain above a month, occasioned by the report of their son's death, which his servant had faithfully transmitted to them. It was generally

nerally supposed that the Count had visited Spain purposely to seek revenge on an infamous sceptic, the destroyer of two of his family ; but that, in pursuit of their victim, he unfortunately entered the cottage of mountaineers, who made travellers their prey ; that, having robbed the Count, they had murdered him, and were about to divide the spoils, when, through providential interference, the cottager was brought to justice—but his wife and child were spared, in compassion to their age and sex.

The body of an infant was likewise produced, which was supposed to have been decoyed from its parents. Its linen, marked with initials, was preserved as future evidence ; and it was then

then interred genteelly at the public expence.

Every species of torment, which the cruel ingenuity of man could invent, had been inflicted on the unfortunate mountaineer, to bring him to confess the murders, of which he persisted in his innocence, and endeavoured to confirm his declaration by stating, in a simple manner, his true, yet improbable narrative, which was treated with incredulous disdain, as a mere fairy tale.

At length, groaning in agonies, his mangled limbs stretched on the damp earth, his family kneeling before him

to

to *confess* rather than to submit to *more* agonies, an extorted declaration fell from his clammy lips, and the sentence of death passed on him soon sent him to the grave in ignominy and contempt.

Reduced to the utmost misery, by continual anxieties, the Duke was personally the picture of madness; not a smile ever relaxed his muscles, but a settled gloom overspread his features. The Duchess, broken-hearted, and in ill health, appeared fast sinking to the grave; and her daughter deserted the world, without a sigh, for the quiet seclusion of a monastic life. Thus, sunk in melancholy and despair, without



out spirits to return to Germany, the former scene of happiness, a small retreat in Andalusia contained the last sad remnants of the miserable family.

## CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVI.

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“ Not a ray of compassion illumed the cloud of  
“ blood, which settled on his soul.”

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WHEN Lok first discovered the departure of Waldorf, a horrid presentiment overpowered him, a faint suspicion of the *real* cause of his absence

absence ensued, and a degree of repentant anguish, to which his mind had long been a stranger, inundated his startled soul, at the horrible suggestion.

Whilst tortured with horror and suspense, and weakened by consequent illness, his letter arrived, as a terrible confirmation of all his fears. Roused from his state of agonizing lassitude, by this last blow, he started from a painful lethargy; and, stung by the bitterest reflections, he proceeded to Spain, with a faint hope of saving the victim of scepticism and philosophy.

Arrived

Arrived in Spain, tidings of horror reached him, that strained every nerve of his heart, until it vibrated to misery.

The Duke had already learned the fatal errand of Waldorf—the author of the murder was known—Spain rang with a dreadful tale; and the wretched Waldorf, arraigned of the most destructive religious tenets, was remanded to the Inquisition, to take his trial for *atheistical* and murderous proceedings; the former of which, coming under the cognizance of the Inquisition, was by the *Duke* adduced as the *most violent* stimulative, to procure a sentence, which must at once  
revenge



revenge his own private and terrible injuries.

Glorying in the expectation of signal vengeance for all his miseries, and certain of a more dreadful one, by adducing Waldorf's atheism, he seized on that for a plea, to facilitate his own views of vengeance. Not a ray of compassion illumed the cloud of blood which settled on his soul, and already, in idea, he feasted on the agonies of Waldorf.

A day was fixed for trying the dreadful cause; but even the bosoms of Spanish cruelty melted at the recollection of Waldorf's self-condemnation; and while *many* used their interest

terest for his release, all loved and pitied his misfortunes. Indeed there were not wanting *those* who found an apology for his crimes, and believed him *not* the child of *guilt*, but *error*.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER XVII.

“ *Death* has sent me to you, as a sample of his  
“ power.”

“ JUSTICE, what art thou ?” exclaimed Waldorf, with a short convulsive laugh—“ The cottager, my poor  
“ murdered victim. *Justice* indeed,  
“ art thou in *such* a hurry for blood,  
“ that the voice of innocence must not  
“ be listened to ? Was not *I* the murderer ?” Here he raised his aching  
VOL. II. G frame

frame from the damp earth, and gazed round the dark inquisitorial cell.

He proceeded a few paces, when his *chain* drew him back—instantly he sunk on his knees, and pressing it between his burning emaciated hands, he viewed it with a sigh—“ *This*,” he exclaimed, “ is justice,” and again cast himself on the ground : a maze of thought now entangled his brain, and the silence of death ensued.

“ My friend,” said a voice—and Lok, in a moment, knelt beside him.

“ No reproaches,” faltered Waldorf—“ I am here to die ; and to talk of life, is daggers to my ears.”

Lok



Lok held a small lamp in his hand, to temper the deep gloom which environed the dungeon; its feeble ray gleamed on the wan face of Waldorf—Lok started.

“ Death has sent me to you, as a sample of his power,” said Waldorf with a smile hardly human—“ You start; am I not—”

“ Cease,” interrupted Lok; “ you have breathed despair into the deepest recesses of my heart—you have left me nothing to live for—you have shot a pang through every cavern of my brain, and put every thought to rout—live for *my* sake.”

“ Let me die in peace.”

“ Oh, Waldorf! on my knees—”

“ Begone—”

“ Would I could draw forth my  
“ *heart*, to bend every nerve at your  
“ feet! Alas! this is no *exterior* sub-  
“ mission. Oh, Waldorf! it is my  
“ *heart* that—kneels.”

“ Leave me, leave me.”

“ 'Tis my *heart* that drops blood  
“ for you; leave me not, without a  
“ chance of seeing you philosophically  
“ happy.”

“ Indeed,

“ Indeed, Lok, I feel turning into  
 “ stone : strike harder—I have no nerve  
 “ of sensibility—nothing wakes my be-  
 “ numbed soul—already I am half-dead  
 “ —my brain is dumb, palsied, cold—  
 “ here are no ideas ; gone, yes, gone for  
 “ ever.”

Lok viewed him with an intelligible  
 look of bursting anguish -- the scene  
 was too affecting—he had almost sur-  
 rendered into the power of his passions,  
 when suddenly the load of horror dis-  
 solved into tears, and he recovered his  
 serenity.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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" You are indeed the child of error, but not of  
" vice."

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EARLY, on the fatal day, the despairing Waldorf was raised from his bed of affliction.—Lok supported him to the spot where his fate was to be sealed by the hand of justice.

Wan,



Wan, emaciated, his eyes fixed almost to wildness, his head drooping on the arm of Lok, he entered in the dreadful circle. The Judges were awefully ranged; and all their features, the eyes excepted, were shaded from view. Solemn tapers dimly burned around them, and the officers of Inquisition took their stand. Nearly opposite Waldorf stood the Duke—the epitome of misery; his looks of triumph were directed to his victim; they wanted *but* the basilisk's power to strike him dead.

He was ordered to come forward and accuse his aggressor.

The large eyes of the principal Judge were cast on Waldorf. Mildness seemed to have been their characteristic formerly, but now they pierced into his soul. In vain he turned aside, their sharp glance met him every where.

The Duke advanced ; he bent with age, yet more with grief : one hand he laid on his dagger, the other on his breast. He began, and every word fell like drops of fire on the heart of Waldorf.

“ 'Tis now, my Lords, five years  
 “ since this *youth* was publicly pointed  
 “ at as an *atheist*. To reclaim him,  
 “ I bought the *serpent* into my *house*.  
 “ My

“ My child fell first his victim. I can-  
 “ not be *explicit*—My *sons* fought  
 “ revenge, and met their early graves.  
 “ Alas ! his detestable atheism raised  
 “ doubts in the mind of my daugh-  
 “ ter, and destroyed her reason—the  
 “ rest is known. Great God ! my  
 “ family *sunk* ; and I—and I am left  
 “ to mourn over its ruins.—My Lord,  
 “ there are no words to speak my  
 “ grievous agonies ! I am drowned in  
 “ a sea of horror—the feeble bonds of  
 “ reason are fast bursting asunder—I  
 “ *live* but to *avenge* !”

“ Bring forth the *accused* !” inter-  
 rupted the Judge, “ and let *him*  
 “ speak !”

Instantly the whole assembly gazed on the shuddering youth. The Judge, who was engaged in converse with a stranger he had beckoned to the bench, seemed earnestly solicitous for his fate.

“ To all I plead guilty ! ” suddenly articulated Waldorf, “ I expect no “ mercy — ” but ah ! he added, with a gloomy sneer, “ I want none ! ”

“ But a more *regular* statement is “ required. Commence your narra- “ tive from the *first* intimacy with the “ Duke, and bring it down to the “ present minute. Mercy you may “ find where you least expect it,” replied the Judge ; “ be not afraid.”

It



It was the principal Judge who spoke: it was a voice he had heard before, and the sound was melodious to Waldorf.

Something like a ray of *hope* arose in his bosom. With a low impressive voice he commenced his narrative, and, in a brief pathetic manner, detailed the incidents of his eventful life.

"You are indeed the child of error!" exclaimed the Judge—"but not of *vice*!" replied the second Magistrate. "Live! unhappy young man, and for ever abjure those false sentiments that plunge the sword of an-

"guish into your heart. Surely you  
 "was *compelled* to be guilty, by those  
 "misguided victims who hurried you  
 "through a maze of guilt with all its  
 "horrors. The loss of friends, fame,  
 "fortune, and of your child, are *suf-*  
 "*ficient*. Go! be *wise*, and learn that  
 "there is more justice and lenity found  
 "*here* than the world has taught you  
 "to expect!"

"He is then acquitted!" thundered  
 the Duke, with a look of horror.

"There is no evidence of his guilt."  
 said the Judge.

"Then I'll revenge!" he cried.

Darting

Darting on the fainting Waldorf, he buried his dagger in his breast, while the blood of the falling victim spouted on the pavement.

## CHAPTER

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## CHAPTER XIX.

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“ I shall now die easy ; the words of comfort  
 “ still vibrate in my ears.”

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“ **BEAR** him away,” exclaimed the  
 officious stranger, whose agitation was  
 written in his face. Lok, who, ere he  
 had *time* to be happy, was again de-  
 pressed, now assisted with others in  
 bearing



bearing him away to seek assistance, and shortly beheld his friend laid on a couch, surrounded by persons all eager to serve him.

Waldorf opened his eyes : “ I shall now die easy—the words of comfort “ vibrate still in my ears,” he ejaculated in a low voice. Then, relapsing into insensibility, an air of serenity suddenly beamed on his features, and left Lok still in fearful doubt, whether the faint spark of life was not extinct for ever.

Whilst using the means of restoration, a figure darted into the chamber, and beckoned Lok, as if his dignity forbade his

his being seen. It was the stranger, who, during the trial, had been so familiar with the Judge, but whose features the darkness of the place had hitherto concealed : thrusting a note into his hand—" Should he live," said he, " give him that, and say it was *Zenna* " brought it ;" then gazing on the helpless form of Waldorf, he sighed deeply, and withdrew.

Physical aid once more restored the youth to life ; his wound was pronounced not mortal, rest enjoined ; and his total recovery then was no longer doubtful. The Duke, who, amidst the bustle in the Inquisition, had fled, remained no longer in Spain ; and Lok, overjoyed

overjoyed and at ease, took his patient stand at the bedside of his friend, to administer every possible assistance. A weight of misery was shook from his heart; and, tedious as the illness was, he once more felt the balm of tranquillity.

In the interim, Zenna, whose celebrated and acknowledged understanding had long since procured him so high a rank in the estimation of all persons of respectability, returned; though he could scarcely resolve to see one he thought so culpable. But parental affection swayed his determination, and he proposed to guide and assist him even yet, could he, in *consideration* of his

his former *miserics*, consent to abjure his false opinions and bad connexions—for ever.

Thanks to Providence for having directed his steps at so critical a juncture, as that in which he had interposed in behalf of his unfortunate son.

## CHAPTER



CHAPTER XX.

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“ By *this* time the whirlwind in your brain has  
“ settled in a calm.”

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**I**NDEFATIGABLE care and attention slowly raised him from the bed of sickness ; an air of serenity overspread his countenance, and the bloom of health, so long an alien to his cheek,  
again

again faintly shone through its former pallid hue. The forgiveness of Zenna seemed a kind of absolution, for which his heart had long panted—the *years* of sorrow and remorse were at once obliterated by an evanescent *moment* of joy—and plans of comfort were once more arranged, with a hope that misery's iron hand would no more sweep them into oblivion.

But when the paper of Zenna was eagerly perused, he paused on each word of comfort, bade a long adieu to former pangs, and only anticipated future pleasures. It ran as follows:

“ I am not about to compliment  
 “ my sagacity, because I *unfortunately*  
 “ proved

“ proved prophetic, or to point out  
 “ what you *might* have avoided by  
 “ attending to me. Youth is a season  
 “ of folly; and perhaps it is better they  
 “ should purchase experience at so dear  
 “ a rate. The lessons of Adversity are  
 “ not liable to be forgotten—she is a  
 “ *severe*, but an *effectual* monitor. Ours  
 “ are documents we do not set by, or  
 “ deride. Even sterling *truths* may be  
 “ elbowed out of recollection; but Ad-  
 “ versity writes in blood, nor ends but  
 “ with existence. By this time the whirl-  
 “ wind in your brain has settled in  
 “ a calm; your philosophy, your so-  
 “ phistry, and your enthusiasm, are  
 “ shadows without substance. Your  
 “ arguments are sound and fury, to  
 “ frighten babes—your language is  
 “ the

“ the language of a poet. Here, my  
 “ friend, is the froth of literature, it is  
 “ true; but where is its substance?  
 “ how fast will it evaporate beneath  
 “ the beams of truth ! It boasts only  
 “ flowers without solidity—it is only  
 “ thundering in our ears to stun us.

“ Innovations are dangerous; theo-  
 “ retically it may be all perfection, but  
 “ practically it is a different affair.  
 “ You have more to combat than you  
 “ think of—it is a crusade better left  
 “ alone. Prejudice and principle are  
 “ too liable to be confounded; and we  
 “ may *bold* sentiments without promul-  
 “ gating them. The same effect may  
 “ have many causes; and we may learn  
 “ to repent them on different occasions.

“ I have



“ I have said enough to induce an  
 “ alteration in your sentiments and con-  
 “ nexions, and to make you sensible of  
 “ your folly. You will fix your plans  
 “ for the future, and I shall shortly see  
 “ you, to know the result.—If, after  
 “ what has happened, you persevere in  
 “ your road of horror (I do not mean  
 “ to reproach you), I shall be com-  
 “ pelled to form an ill opinion of  
 “ you.

“ Yours,

“ ZENNA.”

CHAPTER

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CHAPTER XXI.

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“ You should know the nature of your *soil*, ere  
 “ you *sow*; nay, you are such an unskilful  
 “ gardener, you are *even* apt to mistake the  
 “ *seeds*, and plant *weeds* where you meant  
 “ *flowers*.”

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“ **L**ET us *break* the chain which  
 “ links us to society; let us, in future,  
 “ live as hermits, and disclaim the  
 “ company of man,” exclaimed Wal-  
 dorf passionately.

“ I agree,”

“ I agree,” replied Lok : “ the  
 “ *world* is my country, *all* parts of it  
 “ are alike to *me* ; and, like the lonely  
 “ moss, I can root with firmness on  
 “ the most *inhospitable rock*.

“ We will see Zenna, and be gone,”  
 rejoined Waldorf. At that moment  
 he entered.

Time had not perceptibly altered  
 his features—nothing could impair its  
 marked expression ; not a look but had  
 its errand—not a gesture but went to the  
 heart. Even while his *tongue* remained  
 inactive, his *busy glances* had almost  
 confused the emphatic countenance of  
 Lok. The first emotions over, he *once*

*more* submitted his opinions to the wavering judgment of Waldorf.

“ As the pupil of *adversity*, not of  
 “ argument, I think I may again hazard  
 “ my sentiments, for *your* consideration,”  
 he energetically began: “ were you to  
 “ seek tranquillity (happiness, I fear,  
 “ you must not expect in the quiet  
 “ retreat of Herman, your *adopted* pa-  
 “ rent), you would, I think, be situated  
 “ with more *propriety*, than in *any* in-  
 “ discriminate spot, of your own se-  
 “ lection, or in associating with the  
 “ *world*, whose *good* opinion you have  
 “ not, in reality, taken much trouble  
 “ to gain.”

“ I consent,”



"I consent," replied Waldorf, in mournful conviction.

Zenna proceeded—"Were I *indeed* " to lead you to the *summit* of your " *transactions*, and bid you look BACK " on the blackened road—but we should " *neither* have courage to *turn*—yet I " mean no retrospective reflections."

"I deserve all," interrupted Waldorf, raising his sentimental eyes in a complaining manner.

"Let me request," continued Zenna in an impressive accent, "that you " never *again* hazard your *opinions*, nor " send them abroad adventuring; they

“ will *bring in* nothing but sorrow,  
 “ and *send forth* nothing but destruc-  
 “ tion. You should know the nature  
 “ of the soil ere you *sow*; nay, you  
 “ are such an unskilful husbandman,  
 “ you are *even* apt to mistake the *seeds*,  
 “ and plant what you do not intend.  
 “ To you, who are a poet, my allegory  
 “ is plain, without *further* explanation.  
 “ I have many duties to attend, and  
 “ cannot possibly see you before your  
 “ departure: I will, however, visit you  
 “ in your retreat. *Here* is a sum which  
 “ I hope you will find sufficient for  
 “ your expences; and my blessings,  
 “ provided your *future* conduct is un-  
 “ exceptionable, shall follow you.”

Here

Here Zenna affectionately embraced him, and then added—" *Still* let me  
 " caution you against the vanity which,  
 " in reality, has caused all your mis-  
 " fortunes : *study to know yourself*, nor  
 " set aside as a pedantic maxim, what  
 " comprises the whole essence of human  
 " knowledge. Ah ! my son ! had you  
 " once possessed that key to your  
 " heart, you could at once have *de-*  
 " *fin*ed the falseness of your sentiments,  
 " and the fatal suggestions of your  
 " vanity. You would then have scruti-  
 " nized its minutest fluctuations, ana-  
 " lyzed its indefinability, and beheld,  
 " what *few* have courage to *view*,  
 " *the naked deformity of the human*  
 " *heart.*"

Waldorf sighed deeply—Lok gave an *involuntary* start—and Zenna, the pattern of firmness, with a benignant smile, hastily withdrew.



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CHAPTER XXII.

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“ Every argument he could call to aid was  
 “ inadequate to quell the mental revolution,  
 “ and with tears of *blood* he deplored the  
 “ weakness of *human rhetoric*.”

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IN a few days Lok and Waldorf  
 were on their journey to the retreat  
 of Herman. Waldorf had soothed his  
 thoughts into the slumber of peace; he

had entered into a sort of compromise with his conscience, *never* to suggest his sorrows; and the death of little Frederick, which of all lay the heaviest, alone rose, at intervals, to chill his warm hopes, and shew him that he was *forcing* himself to be happy, and cheating his sick disgusted soul into contentment: too often would reflection start from its dream, and stalk through his brain like a spectre, till, waking every terrified idea, he was again plunged into the most excruciating tortures. In such moments, every argument he could call to aid was inadequate to quell the mental revolution, and with tears of blood he would deplore the weakness of human rhetoric.

The

The tranquillity of Lok was of a different nature; he considered the world as a generation of ideots, and he despised their opinions: while Waldorf was, like the feeble reed, blown to and fro by every wind, he was like the sturdy oak, firm and unshaken.

In such tempers of mind they pursued their journey, and every exertion of his eloquence was used to convince his pupil that man can enjoy no happiness but what he draws from the recititude of his own heart.

At length they reached the forest of Herman; they alighted, and led their horses to the door of the Recluse. Herman, with an air of tranquil pleasantry,

H 5

was

was raising a plant, when Waldorf, springing towards him, exclaimed: "I have come back *heart-broken!*" and, hiding his face on the venerable breast of Herman, he sobbed aloud. "My child," he exclaimed, "be comforted!" then, stretching his hand to Lok, he welcomed him, at the same time checking a sigh, as he felt the tears of Waldorf roll down his bosom.

## CHAPTER



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## CHAPTER XXIII.

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“ That, united together, we may laugh at the  
 “ folly of man, and scorn the pelting storm.  
 “ that whistles *without*.”

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FOR a while they continued clasped  
 in each other's arms. The pupil of  
 Adversity at length raised his face from  
 the bosom of his venerable patron—  
 “ My *more* than father !” he faintly  
 articulated.

H 6

“ Let

“ Let us bury in *silence* the narrative  
 “ of your *past* misfortunes,” continued  
 the Solitary, “ and look forward to  
 “ *future* tranquillity—in an abode to  
 “ which you have *ever* been welcome.  
 “ Your companion,” he added, “ will  
 “ perhaps, by sharing our retirement,  
 “ increase its pleasures, and seal us in  
 “ bonds of mutual amity ; that, united  
 “ together, we may *laugh* at the folly  
 “ of man, and *scorn* the pelting storm  
 “ that whistles *without*.”

At the conclusion of these words  
 Lok advanced. Perhaps an emotion  
 of conscious unwelcomeness, the *osten-  
 sible* cause of Waldorf's griefs, might  
 at that moment have augmented the  
 natural glow on his cheek to a crimson  
 blush.

blush. "Should *I* be permitted to  
 "share so delightful a solitude," he  
 began, in a low voice, "I should  
 "consider myself as the most fortu-  
 "nate of mortals; but first be cer-  
 "tain that I am *worthy* of so great a  
 "proof of friendship."

"As the friend of my *son*, you can-  
 "not be otherwise," he replied; then  
 turning to the drooping Waldorf, who,  
 with folded arms, stood pensively at a  
 distance, he added: "Let us go to  
 "the verdant spot I cultivate with so  
 "much care, and which fences in my  
 "retreat."

They then proceeded to the place in  
 question, where Herman, again pausing,  
 gazed

gazed round with an emotion of pleasure. "Let me for a while," he exclaimed, "welcome the dear delusion !  
 " Let me consider ye as my children,  
 " and mark out days of tranquillity  
 " for you both ! We will together  
 " cultivate this spot ; we will together  
 " ramble through the woods ; we will  
 " read together, talk together ; and  
 " when age steals on you both, the  
 " approach of death shall not be heard,  
 " nor his cold hand grasp your beating  
 " hearts with half the violence the  
 " children of folly will feel it, when  
 " unthought of it sweeps them from  
 " their idle circle to the melancholy  
 " sobriety of the grave."

Waldorf



Waldorf deeply sighed, and his startled soul seemed shrinking from the thoughts of death ; his busy mind summoned a crowd of ideas ; and, as he sunk into the silent gloom of reflection, his fixed eyes *settled* on vacancy, regardless of the funny beauties which glowed round them.

## CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXIV.

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“ His habitation was chiefly in the woods,  
“ through which he continually wandered.”

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A FEW weeks danced round the maze of tranquillity. Herman was happy; and Lok, who had not been prodigal of his sceptical opinions, was already a great favourite. All were content except Waldorf—but those  
bitter

bitter reflections, which had never left him in the gay world, accompanied him in the desert, with accumulated horrors. Here was *leisure* to be unhappy, and solitude raised his misery nearly into madness. Sometimes he would *start* from thought, and sometimes greedily pursue it, as if anxious to familiarise himself to its terrible visions, and by that means to conquer its horrors. A thousand mental spectres would rise in his imagination; in vain he strove to fortify his mind against their intrusion—his timid conscience busily collected a host of fiends which haunted him continually both day and night. Unfortunately for him, employment had lost its zest: he even neglected his person; and finding every

struggle

struggle for happiness as *ineffectual*, as the convulsive gasps of one weighed down by the heavy hand of death, he abandoned the attempt, and sunk into despair. He fought no longer to conquer his anguish, but deserted his flinching soul to the horrors of reflection; his festering brain resigned to the flood of agony that came pouring in, and deluged him in a sea of despondency, from which there was no probable escape.

At length the arrival of Zenna drew him back for a moment to the powers of recollection: of late he had neither spoke nor smiled, his person was neglected totally, and his countenance so altered by the hand of care, that he  
would



would scarcely have been known by his greatest intimates : his residence was chiefly in the woods, through which he continually wandered, and often slept in them ; but on the appearance of his father, the wildness of his air, for a time, deserted him. Awhile he gazed, as if trying to shake a weight from his heart ; then, running on his bosom, he burst into an agony of tears.

Great God ! have pity on him !” exclaimed Zenna, with uplifted eyes ; then, as he gazed on his unfortunate son, he could not forbear shedding the most bitter drops that had ever fell from his eyes.

At

At that instant he met the gaze of Lok, and turning from him with disgust, he seized the arm of Waldorf, and drew him through an avenue of trees.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER XXV.

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“ I am too far gone, in a vortex of woe, ever  
“ to be recalled—all is ineffectual—my soul  
“ is in its *last* agonies.”

---

**BOTH** reclined on the tall grass,  
which enamelled the favourite woods of  
Waldorf. He, and Zenna, were deeply  
engaged in a conversation, meant by  
the latter to draw him from that ca-  
lamitous

lamitous torpor which had so cruelly immersed the brilliant strength of his once powerful faculties.

“ Great as is my horror of that  
 “ dreadful Lok,” said Zenna in an  
 impassioned tone, “ yet, as he has *al-*  
 “ *ready* shed his poison on your devoted  
 “ head, and as there is *now* no injury re-  
 “ maining to be done, his present resi-  
 “ dence with you can be no longer ma-  
 “ terial, since your sentiments and  
 “ opinions are most certainly settled,  
 “ beyond the possibility of change :  
 “ yet, I cannot avoid viewing with  
 “ disgust, a man who has so irretrie-  
 “ vably blasted the future prospects of  
 “ my only child. Surely had Herman  
 “ known



“ known his *name*, he would never  
 “ permit his stay.”

“ I must beg it will *still* be concealed  
 “ from him,” interrupted Waldorf,  
 with a sudden start.

“ The deception is unworthy of  
 “ you,” replied Zenna; “ but let us  
 “ drop the ungrateful theme : I meant  
 “ to rouse you from the state you have  
 “ plunged in, to recall your slumber-  
 “ ing faculties, and, to show you how  
 “ inconsistent it is with your philosophy,  
 “ to give *way* to melancholy. This  
 “ neglect of your person, health, and  
 “ happiness—this forgetfulness of your-  
 “ self—all argue a weak mind, and  
 “ puerile

“ puerile understanding. Remember,  
 “ my purse and interest are at your  
 “ command. The army, the belles-  
 “ lettres, are open to your pursuits ; or  
 “ perhaps marriage, by calling on your  
 “ feelings, might forcibly arouse.”

“ Hold, father !” exclaimed Waldorf  
 emerging from his reverie, “ be mer-  
 “ ciful to my weaknesses : though *con-*  
 “ *temned* and *deserted*, *Helena’s* bosom  
 “ entombs my *heart*—never, never,”  
 he added *forcibly*, yet in a *low* voice,  
 “ never to be ransomed from its dear  
 “ captivity.”

“ Yet still, my son,” continued  
 Zenna positively, “ without the *glare*  
 “ of

“ of mirth and joy, you might learn  
 “ to be *content*. Select friends, and  
 “ calm amusements, might render you  
 “ tranquil, without that bustle of life,  
 “ you might enjoy its sober comforts,  
 “ and meliorate your sorrows, until  
 “ they gradually advanced into hap-  
 “ piness. That mild serenity, that  
 “ gentle ease, so requisite to heal a  
 “ diseased mind, might then be yours,  
 “ until you had brought yourself to  
 “ consider the events of life as too  
 “ mean and unimportant to render  
 “ you seriously miserable. View the  
 “ world as from the bed of death, and  
 “ events the most terrible will appear  
 “ puerile and absurd ; all will *then*  
 “ seem as children’s play, and their  
 VOL. II. I “ transports

“ transports and sorrows as nonsensical  
 “ as those of youth. Enjoy then the  
 “ solids of real felicity, and contemn  
 “ those painted flowers, which em-  
 “ bellish, it is true, but infuse no ad-  
 “ ditional sweets to increase its intrinsic  
 “ value. Be tranquil, and you attain  
 “ the genuine sweets of life, calm  
 “ equanimity of disposition, and per-  
 “ petual serenity, never to be ruffled  
 “ by local circumstances: never at-  
 “ tempt to go beyond this in search  
 “ of violent levity, or over-joy—all  
 “ those vehement emotions are incom-  
 “ patible with the settled dignity of  
 “ the soul. Mirth is allied to mad-  
 “ ness—it is a fever of the spirits, that  
 “ drains the health of the mind, and  
 “ leaves



“ leaves it sick and disgusted : on the  
 “ contrary, preserve a just equilibrium  
 “ of temper, never lowered by the *me-*  
 “ *lancholy* of madness, or shook by its  
 “ *phrenzies*.

“ But, father, you tantalize me  
 “ with a prospect I never can reach:  
 “ until I vanquish the hydra which  
 “ guards its entrance, how is this to  
 “ be done?”

“ Try your *boasted* philosophy.”

“ Alas! *my* mind needs a *better* phy-  
 “ sician,” Waldorf emphatically re-  
 plied; “ I am sunk beyond all *human*  
 “ *aid*—I am too far gone in a vortex

“ of woe, ever to be recalled—all is  
 “ ineffectual—my soul is in its *last*  
 “ agonies.”

“ For shame, Waldorf ! why de-  
 “ spair ?”

“ Indeed you cannot feel *my* agonies,  
 “ or——”

“ I will hear no more of your de-  
 “ spondency. Will you depreciate the  
 “ grace of him whom you have al-  
 “ ready so much blasphemed ?” inter-  
 rupted Zenna.

“ But can I hope for pardon ?”  
 stammered Waldorf, as he strove to  
 embrace

embrace his father in his nerveless arms.

“ I leave you to his mercy,” replied the agitated parent ; and, springing from him, left him to his meditations.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

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“ A kind of waking dream threw a mist over  
“ his senses, and dissolved him in a trance of  
“ thought.”

---

A WHILE Waldorf remained silent  
on the ground—his mind was now va-  
cant, for he had shut his mental ear  
against the voice of officious reflection.  
His



His arms were folded—his eyes fixed, when suddenly he exclaimed, “ How  
 “ shall I meet Lok after this apostacy ?  
 “ I will be *truant* once more ;”—and, springing from the earth, he bent his tottering steps towards the depth of the forest, and soon arrived in some of his most favourite haunts. Shortly he reached the spot where the Recluse had *first* beheld him, weeping for his recent losses : he could not forbear smiling at the idea, from a combination of emotions, too numerous to be definable. Perhaps the *dismal* scenes of his past life at that minute recurred, in competition with the childish accident he had then so deeply regretted. “ How  
 “ swift the gradations to the *height* of  
 I 4      “ anguish !”

“anguish!” he lowly articulated, and darted forwards.

All day he wandered through the woods, till turning down a path, untrod before, he found himself within a few leagues from Spire, and near the little village which he had resided in so many happy years, under the kind auspices of Chalcot, and Maria Louvain; a sudden impulse urged him to enter it, and he obeyed the hasty suggestion. He found it more *civilized*, but no longer free from the follies of the metropolis—he paced through its flowery avenues, and dwelt delighted on the charming landscapes. The cottages, the rustic gardens, all were, by turns, the subject of admiration.

And

And now he sought the village green, the scene of rural revelry. The high trees he so well remembered still flourished round the ancient spot; the dimpled rivulet still meandered through the enamelled mead, the faithful mirror of the sun, as it rose laughing up the hills; the brick dwellings, he had once so admired, as the finest in the world, still continued in possession of the pastor of the village, and the petty lord of the manor; and scarcely could Waldorf forbear smiling, as he remembered the awe with which he had once considered them.

After contemplating the scenery a few minutes, he retired from it, in search of the cottage in which at first he

“anguish!” he lowly articulated, and darted forwards.

All day he wandered through the woods, till turning down a path, untrod before, he found himself within a few leagues from Spire, and near the little village which he had resided in so many happy years, under the kind auspices of Chalcot, and Maria Louvain; a sudden impulse urged him to enter it, and he obeyed the hasty suggestion. He found it more *civilized*, but no longer free from the follies of the metropolis—he paced through its flowery avenues, and dwelt delighted on the charming landscapes. The cottages, the rustic gardens, all were, by turns, the subject of admiration.

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After contemplating the scenery a few minutes, he retired from it, in search of the cottage in which at first he

drew the breath of life : he found the garden, which fenced it in, overrun with weeds, the cottage deserted, and the whole tumbling to ruins. He enquired among the villagers for the relations of Louvain ; but they had emigrated from the village, and were no longer remembered.

Waldorf burst the old garden latch, and entered the well-known spot ; the high weeds rose above his neck, and were decked out in gawdy blue and red, as if mocking, with upstart pride, the decent humility of the pensive violets, and lowly flowers which bloomed in the adjacent gardens, more valuable, though less obtrusive. Amid the weeds arose a stately tree, which Waldorf remembered

membered had long bore the date of his birth and name : he approached it with a deep sigh, and read the well-known inscription,

“ FERVILLE WALDORF,

“ Born Jan. 13, in the Year ———”

A rusty spade stood near the tree, and, as he seized it, he heard the point strike against something on the ground ; instantly he drew aside the long dewy grass, and, after some search, he discerned a little rake, which had been appropriated to his particular use, by Louvain, and had been a favourite birth-day present. He seized the rusty implement, and bedewed it with tears ;

he remembered his name had been inscribed even on that, but it was no longer discernible. He then quitted the spot, and proceeded to enter the cottage; but here all was void and comfortless: of the three rooms which it contained, nothing but dirt and gloom were perceivable. A bird-cage, however, hung in a remote corner, attracted his notice—he *recollected* when he himself had painted it of a bright red and green, for a favourite bird, as if he had strove to reconcile him to captivity by the finery of his prison. It was now covered with dust; and, as he took it down, he could not forbear apostrophising, as if to the bird—"My poor "Robin!" he ejaculated, and then  
left



left the room. Again he passed through the garden, and quitted the much-loved spot with a heart-drawn sigh.

The blazing sun still cast its feverish rays—a pleasing languor stole on his senses—and, casting himself against a tree, he closed his eyes, and gave way to thought—his mind flew back to past events—when first a child, he wandered happy through the woods—when next he remained innocent and obscure in the forest of H——; until, gradually, he had grown into sorrow, never to be lessened. As he revolved the long series of griefs, and as they passed in sad succession to his remembrance, sighs, not to be suppressed, escaped his bosom; he deplored the painful vicissitudes of  
 life,

life, until, bewildered in a reverie, a kind of *waking* dream threw a mist over his senses, and dissolved him in a trance of thought.

Suddenly a well-known voice sounded in his ears, and roused him from his dream. He opened his eyes, and beheld—Helena:—thunderstruck at the sudden vision, he remained stupidly gazing, until again she feebly articulated, “Oh “Waldorf, Waldorf!” and sunk, fainting, in his arms.

## CHAPTER

## CHAPTER XXVII.

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“ Not a feature but had bowed under the keen  
“ scythe of misfortune, and partook the  
“ sombre hue of a premature old-age.”

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A SHORT impressive sigh proclaimed her return to sensibility, and sent an evanescent beam of felicity to the benighted soul of Waldorf, when, almost instantly, she sprung from his circling arms,

arms, and feebly clasping, with feverish hands, her oppressed bosom, dissolved in a shower of tears.

“ My loved girl, forbear — ” exclaimed Waldorf, sinking on his knees.

“ I feel myself a wretch,” she replied.

“ And so am I,” he rejoined, in a short broken voice—“ therefore” he added, relapsing into his usual desperation, “ let us die, and expiate our crimes—that little stream” he continued, pointing wildly, “ will end all.”

“ I am ready for death,” ejaculated Helena, and darted towards the streaming current.

“ No,



“ No, Helena—no: *you*, at least,  
 “ may live.” Then, folding his arms,  
 he bent his glassy eyes on the stream,  
 until the lingering tears paced down  
 his pallid cheek, and he suddenly ex-  
 claimed, “ Oh, Helena, I am *very*  
 “ giddy ;” and sunk, fainting, to the  
 earth.

Some minutes elapsed before he again  
 recovered ; nor could all the feeble  
 assiduities of Helena prove efficacious,  
 until struggling nature again arrested  
 his fleeting soul, and returned him to  
 sensibility : in a tremulous voice he  
 faintly articulated her name, and, rising  
 from his supine attitude, supported his  
 weakened frame against a tree. Helena  
 gazed

gazed thoughtfully on his altered features, and Waldorf silently returned her glances, shocked at the dreadful change in her person, his violent emotions had not *before* permitted him to remark.

The soft bloom that had once distinguished her complexion, had given way to the pale cast of a *slow*, yet consuming decline. Her once brilliant eyes, which the treacherous hectic lighted for a *moment*, were sunken, and a cloud of despair hovered on every look : not a feature but had bowed under the keen scythe of misfortune, and partook the sombre hue of a premature old-age. Her fragile form seemed scarcely to retain

retain a hold on the frail tenure of existence ; and the slightest touch might have dissolved it for ever. The view was too painful ; and his fixed eyes insensibly filling with tears, he turned aside to conceal his emotion.

## CHAPTER

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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“ Sometimes her struggling spirits shot into  
“ the merry madness of mirth, then sunk  
“ as suddenly into the deepest gloom of melancholy.”

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UNABLE to return to the forest of H—, they bent their steps to one of the cottages, he little imagined he should ever *again* enter, where the agitated



rated Waldorf wrote, with trembling hands, the following

LETTER.

MY KIND PARENT.

“ *One* weight of anguish has dissolved.  
 “ Helena is not *dead*, and the village  
 “ of L——, within a few leagues from  
 “ Spire, contains us both. Where are  
 “ Lok, and Herman? Will they not  
 “ come? and you, my friend, will you  
 “ not close my *eyes*? Believe me, the  
 “ hand of death will *now* absorb their  
 “ last rays, when I am *more tranquil*. I  
 “ am less wretched, my father; yet even  
 “ now tears blind my eyes, and I can  
 “ write no longer.

“ FERVILLE WALDORF.”

The

The letter found them mourning the loss of Waldorf; and, on its receipt, they proposed its immediate answer by their presence. Herman, whose wanderings had for so many years been confined to the forest of H—, left his retreat with satisfaction, and with a *faint* hope of seeing the sorrows of Waldorf *end* on the bosom of the repentant Helena. But Zenna, who, in the plaintive style of his letter, perceived the slow yet settled anguish that was rooted in his soul, despaired even of his *existing* for a much longer space, and had prepared his mind for this terribly decisive stroke. Lok, on the other hand, had sunk into a gloomy apathy, whose source he had not courage to define. His listless soul was incapable

pable of emotions, which Zenna imagined were the *sudden* starts of abused conscience, that at times dragged him back to reflection.

Helena, in the interim, was languishing on the bed of sickness; sometimes her struggling spirits shot into the merry madness of mirth, then sunk as suddenly into the deepest gloom of melancholy. The transitory crimson now fevered on her cheek, and now left it to the dewy paleness of fainting anguish. She often attempted to commence the story of her woes, and to explain the means by which she had entered the village of L——; but her powers were too *weak*, and her emotions too *violent*: that she had been the victim of sophistry,

phistry, was, however, apparent to the unfortunate Waldorf; and, as he traced back her guilt on himself, the *acute* remorse pointed his reflections with *new* stings. The heaven he had so long abjured was wearied day and night, for the forfeit life of Helena. The fallacy of his tenets struck on his startled soul, and his health as *rapidly* declined, as the ill-fated girl's, whose visible agonies shook his loaded mind with accumulated horrors, and nearly drove him to madness.

## CHAPTER



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CHAPTER XXIX.

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“ An air, scarcely to be expressed, diffused itself  
 “ over his features ; it was something resigned,  
 “ yet rather as if resignation had been the  
 “ fruits of despair ; it was so bitter, yet so  
 “ mournful—so accusing, yet so submissive ;  
 “ in short, it possessed all the *hopelessness* of  
 “ resignation, with all the madness of despair.”

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THE arrival of Zenna, Lok, and  
 Herman, sent a short-lived beam of joy  
 to the heavy heart of Waldorf. They

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K

found

found him in an attitude that brought tears into their eyes. Pale and wan, his trembling arms supported the declining Helena. Her fevered breath, interrupted by convulsive catchings, was inhaled by the pallid Waldorf. Her countenance was hectic, yet a sort of *painful* brilliancy gave the deceitful glow of beauty to her features. Her arms clasped his neck, and the swift tears trickled from his watchful eyes, and fell on her burning cheek. His flowing ringlets hung neglected on his shoulders; and an air, scarcely to be expressed, diffused itself on his features; it was something resigned, yet rather as if *resignation* had been the fruits of *despair*; it was so bitter, yet so mournful—so accusing, yet so submissive; in short,

short, it possessed all the hopelessness of resignation, with all the madness of despair.

A sudden exclamation from Waldorf, on their entrance, waked Helena from her short perturbed slumber. She attempted to rise from his arms, staggered to a little distance, and sunk into the open arms of Lok.

The agitated Zenna now drew her from the embrace of the Philosopher, and conducted her to a chair. He spoke inarticulately, and beckoned Herman. *He* advanced, and, in a tremulous voice, enjoined *rest* to the unfortunate girl; then, turning mournfully to

K 2

Waldorf,

Waldorf, who remained fixed as a statue, he clasped his aged hands, and lowly ejaculating, "This is too *much!*" rushed from the room,

## CHAPTER



CHAPTER XXX.

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" The *last* beam of animation shot over her  
 " features; it seemed to say, ' Save me! ' "

---

THE directions of Zenna confined  
 Helena to her bed: and, with that  
 calmness of soul which never forsook  
 him, he enjoined the medicines which  
 he conceived might be immediately

K 3

efficacious;

efficacious; but all their restorative powers failed—nothing could cancel the bond of death that sealed her for the grave—she was dying, and nothing could save her.

Waldorf hung despairing over her wasting form. The violence of his grief seemed protracted, till the *last* decisive stroke, when the pent-up weight of anguish threatened to give way with accumulated violence. He watched every turn of her features, and followed her looks with the most anxious inquietude, till, almost fainting under the swelling energy of woe, he would precipitately retire.

Thus

Thus rolled on a week in suspensive gloom, when death, tired of waiting for his lingering prey, summoned her at once to the greedy sepulchre, and extinguished for ever the forlorn protracted hope that so feebly glimmered in the dark mind of Waldorf.

The voice of the dying girl beckoned the desolate group to her darkened bedside. She stretched forth her *band* to Waldorf; its burning heat had already sunk under the wet dews of death. "Waldorf, I expiate my crimes by sinking into an early grave," she faintly murmured. "Oh! that philosophy," she added, "*betrayed* my heart, and  
K 4                      "*enslaved*

“ *enslaved* my reason ! A series of  
 “ error once *more* aroused my consci-  
 “ ence — *health* and peace sunk be-  
 “ neath its stings : I expire repentant,  
 “ and now perceive——”

A sudden pang arrested the powers  
 of articulation. She raised her misty  
 eyes, and sealed them on the face of  
 Waldorf. The *hasty* hand of death  
 seemed *tearing* the hue of life from her  
 passive cheek ; the clammy drops of  
 parting agony bedewed her forehead ;  
 she clasped her heavy bosom, as if stri-  
 ving to retain the struggling breath.  
 The *last* beam of animation shot over  
 her features ; it seemed to say, “ Save  
 “ me ! ” then, suddenly vanishing, the  
 leaden



leadens grasp of death encircled every limb, and left her icy form, stiffened and inanimate, to the maddening view of the agitated Waldorf.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

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“ I deserve to *live*—the grave is *too* merciful;  
 “ but yet I have no longer courage to bear  
 “ the stings of conscience—I must not *think*,  
 “ fearful doubts obtrude—let me *shut* my  
 “ eyes, and *dart* down the precipice.”

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A WHILE he remained gazing, the  
 fixed image of grief; then, hastily  
 seizing her benumbed hand, he wrung  
 it wildly, and rushed from the room  
 with

with the air of a madman. Zenna, in vain, strove to stop him: he passed him with swiftness, and withdrew.

It was then he tried to calm his raging griefs, to check their turbulent madness, and assume composure; but impossible—the last stroke was decisive. Restless and tormented, he returned to the deserted chamber of death; here he cast himself on the cold unconscious bosom of Helena. He sobbed aloud, and his bursting heart beat hard against his breast, till, exhausted by the violence of his emotions, tears ceased, and with folded arms he paced the lonely apartment.

“ The last *bold* on life,” he suddenly ejaculated, in a low tremulous voice, “ is now dissolved ! I have no—  
 “ thing to live for—nothing to reward  
 “ my long and lonely pilgrimage ! Helena is gone ! Frederick is dead !  
 “ *Words* can never express the mighty  
 “ weight of woe that now lies heavy on  
 “ my heart. My miseries seem without end. Even *death*, who has torn  
 “ from me those I love, seems to forget me. The grave, that *last* asylum of  
 “ the wretched, must be no longer shut  
 “ against me ; I have the *means* to procure it in my own hands—*delay* is  
 “ madness ! therefore——”

The last words sunk in expressive sighs—a pause succeeded, during which  
 he



he remained in a musing attitude, more impressive than words. A sudden start ensued; he darted towards an escrutoir, and, after some time, drew forth a pistol already loaded; then, gazing on the delegate of death, he resumed his reflections, anxious, by the sophistry which had *ever* been his bane, to reconcile his wayward conscience to the last irretrievable blow.

He advanced to the silent couch of Helena, and again contemplated her altered features. "This, this is *death*!" he lowly articulated: "Where now  
 " that youthful bloom that won all  
 " hearts!" Painful ideas ensued—he thought on futurity, and involuntarily shuddered. "These doubts," he exclaimed,

claimed, " remind me of Sophia and  
 " Millroh. What crimes have I com-  
 " mitted? I deserve to *live*—the grave  
 " is *too* merciful; but yet I have no  
 " longer courage to bear the stings of  
 " conscience—I must not think, fearful  
 " doubts obtrude—let me *shut* my eyes,  
 " and *dart* down the precipice! A  
 " chain of horrors encircle me. I will  
 " die, and end my fears at once: life  
 " is not to be borne—*why* should I  
 " defer?"

Yet *still* he paused ere he struck  
 the decisive blow. His whirling brain  
 stood hesitating on the verge of mad-  
 ness; his bursting eyes emitted sparks  
 of fire; every nerve was distended.  
 One hand held the uplifted pistol to his  
 throbbing

throbbing bosom ; the other clasped the beating arteries that throbbed on his temples. Despair pointed the strong rays of his expressive eyes, and a long train of reflections rushed on his unguarded soul. Once more he cast a dreadful look on Helena ; then suddenly exclaiming, " This ends *doubt* for ever !" he instantly fired the pistol. The ball shot through his heart, and, on the same moment, he sunk lifeless at the bed, which contained the cold remains of his beautiful victim.

## CHAPTER

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

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“ The broad stare of conviction pursued his  
“ averted mind.”

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**T**HE report of the pistol almost instantly brought Herman and Zenna to the apartment. Here, what a scene of horror struck their gaze! every spark of life was extinct, and his bosom was  
deluged



deluged in a sea of blood, which, flowing over the pallid features of Helena, gave them a more dreadful appearance than can be conceived. A flood of wretchedness poured in upon the soul of Zenna—he cast a look of horror on his son, and staggered against the wall: Herman, on the other hand, stood speechless with grief, gazing on the sad remains of all he held dear on earth.

The entrance of Lok gave a sudden turn to the emotions of Zenna: his grief was converted to rage—he darted upon him, and drew him to the bedside. “View your victims!” he exclaimed; then turning to Herman, he added, “I can no longer let you remain in ignorance of the traitor  
“ you

“ you harbour ; this is *Lok*, the de-  
 “ stroyer of our Waldorf—the long  
 “ chain of guilt results from him. *He*  
 “ is the remote cause of all the misery  
 “ and remorse which my son, after  
 “ vainly deploring, at length sought  
 “ to *avoid*, by flying to the grave for  
 “ shelter—yes, villain, Waldorf has de-  
 “ stroyed himself.”

These last tidings made a deep im-  
 pression upon the mind of *Lok* ; but he  
 still preserved the dignity of counte-  
 nance for which he had ever been cha-  
 racterized. “ By what argument,” he  
 asked, “ do you prove that I have done  
 “ this? Do you think I am a fit subject  
 “ to be conjured by your sorceries?  
 “ If the philosophy that I preach had  
 “ occasioned

" occasioned the ruin of that young  
 " man, why have not I (the companion  
 " of all his misfortunes) been a victim  
 " to the same mental derangement? You  
 " tell me it is because I have hardened  
 " my conscience; but what is conscience?  
 " It is the creature of instruction. You  
 " early made that youth the dupe of  
 " your sorceries; you raised spectres in  
 " his imagination, according as the  
 " whims of your own brain dictated;  
 " and the ghost which you placed to  
 " haunt him whenever you pleased,  
 " you have the temerity to call con-  
 " science. It was this delusion that  
 " drank up the spirits of the Duke's  
 " daughters; and it was assigning a  
 " wrong cause for their death, that  
 " has hastened the catastrophe of your  
 " son,

"son. The steel will produce fire,  
 "but not until the flint meets it in  
 "contact; so will philosophy do mis-  
 "chief, but not until bigotry impedes  
 "it. Had I been as pliable as Wal-  
 "dorf, I had long ago been bewildered  
 "by your magical terrors—like him, I  
 "had embraced the grassy plat: but I  
 "despised your censures—I was satisfied  
 "with doing right, and I live—and  
 "live, the monument of those eternal  
 "truths which universal nature teaches."

He delivered this defence with such  
 majestic coolness, that it almost con-  
 founded Zenna. He began to think  
 it possible for a uniform infidel to enjoy  
 as much peace of mind as if he thought  
 like him; and would, in all proba-  
 bility



bility, have made at least a very interesting reply, had not Herman, whose narrow mind incapacitated him from respecting one who differed with him in opinion, interrupted him.

“Vilest of wretches!” he roared in a voice like thunder, “forbear, nor think to extenuate your crimes—you have sown poison around you, whose effects are more dreadful than can be imagined. Contempt and hatred,” he added, “must pursue you on earth, and misery and remorse blast your heavy hours; begone, or——”

A hint upon such a subject was enough for the towering mind of Lok, and he instantly separated from them for ever.

Two days after, the remains of the ill-fated Helena and Waldorf were consigned to the peaceful grave, where, united in death, they found the *asylum* from misery they had been denied on earth. *Time*, by shewing Herman the uselessness of his grief, rendered it less violent; and Zenna often bestowed a sigh to their memories, still deploring the dangers of philosophy, which had for *ever* deprived him of a son, who might otherwise have been both amiable and happy: his tender recollection, that swift revolving time could never efface, and the remembrance of his death and misfortunes, frequently betrayed him into tears. "Too fatally *true* were  
 " my predictions," he would often exclaim to Herman; "oh! that it  
 " could

“ could be made a lesson to future ages!  
 “ but the death of the dearest indi-  
 “ vidual *cannot* be permitted to pre-  
 “ ponderate against the *general* welfare.  
 “ Would youth but distrust the infi-  
 “ dious friend, whose false sentiments,  
 “ and base tenets, may for ever destroy  
 “ their rectitude, and poison their peace;  
 “ whose opinions are more dreadfully  
 “ contagious than the spotted plague,  
 “ and more liable for *ever* to under-  
 “ mine that precious health of the  
 “ mind, which no human aid can again  
 “ restore—would they but *distrust* the  
 “ friendship that struck at their honour,  
 “ so *many* would not mourn the loss  
 “ of present peace and endless felicity;  
 “ but, sensible of their own depravities,  
 “ scout the treachery of man, and the  
 “ vain

“ vain sophistry that first, by betraying  
 “ the reason, would for ever enslave the  
 “ heart.”

These reflections, frequently repeated, necessarily reminded him of his own remissness, in the disposal of his son; and he learned, in the latter stages of his life, that a few empty traditions were not the only requisites to preserve the mind in a state of conscious peace and serenity. On the contrary, the death of his companion afforded Lok so much leisure to examine the state of society, that he saw it under more afflicting circumstances than ever. The force of prejudice, and the heat of passion, seemed so strong an opposition to free enquiry, that it was dangerous  
 for



for a man to know more than his neighbours. "To make a man wise, in this state of society, is to destroy his peace," said he: "my knowledge is a burden to me, not because I despise it, but because I cannot communicate it."

The remembrance of Waldorf and Helena became increasingly dear to him, from having fallen victims to his philosophy. Frequently would he retire to the sacred spot where their remains were deposited, and bewail their untoward fate. Continuing the solitary habit, he grew quite misanthropical, and kept up no converse but with the grave, pouring out his tears on the unconscious surface, vainly lamenting the

misfortunes of his friends, and the pangs of the philosophers ; till, worn out by continued grief, he lingered a few short days, and was found one morning, a stiffened corpse, on the silent tomb of Helena and Waldorf.

THE END.

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